Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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CANADA'S FIRST ENVOY

BY OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

THE Hon. Vincent Massey, scholar, soldier, and statesman, has served his first year at Washington as Canada's first envoy to the United States. In the last twelve months he has displayed an unusual aptitude for the delicate task of interpreting one neighbor to another. Today Ottawa and Washington are in closer contact and have a better understanding of each other's purposes than was ever known in the past.

It is not the purpose of this article to forecast what Mr. Massey will accomplish during his residence at Washington; but some indication of the future may be found in the study of Mr. Massey himself—in the qualities of the man, in his antecedents, and in his achievements.

Most Canadians know him as the one-time head of the great farm implement firm of Massey-Harris—the largest in the British Empire—who recently forsook business for the political arena. Groups of Canadians in his native city of Toronto, and elsewhere, know him as the driving power behind many activities associated with art, letters, the humanities, or business. But the public on both sides of the boundary line is only beginning to know him. Most newspapermen will admit readily that they find him a "hard subject". The reason is that he talks little of himself, keeps strictly to the question under discussion, and refuses to

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indulge in those petty controversies which breed continuing enmities.

Mr. Vincent Massey is a rare type of rich man's son, for he has never sought either rest or butterfly pleasures. Years ago he came to the conclusion that material gifts of themselves yield little fruit, that the giver must give himself if he would find the highest happiness. As a youth he was wise beyond his years, and found constant joy and profit in studying the thoughts and actions of the past. First at Toronto, and later at Balliol College, Oxford, he gulped down history. On his return to Toronto, he taught history at Victoria, but the placid life of a University Don was not for him. Suddenly, the war drums sounded, and he answered the call. At Camp Borden, and later at Ottawa, his powers of organization called forth favorable comment.

Thrilled by the varied interests of a man of action, he broadened his activities, and so his responsibilities. He was called to the directorate of the great network of farm implement workshops on King Street West, Toronto, and it was not long before he was voted to the president's chair, the seat of his fathers. Progress did not break up his old ideals, and, with each step to greater service, we find him still a patron of the arts, a devotee of architecture and the drama, an intelligent philanthropist.

If one of the prime functions of Canada is to interpret Great Britain to the United States, the new Minister is well fitted by ancestry and education to play the rôle of interpreter. His mother, Anna Vincent Massey, was American born, the daughter of Bishop Vincent, a well known religious leader in the Eastern States, and the founder of the Chautauqua movement. His great-grandfather, Daniel Massey, one of the founders of the Massey-Harris Company, was born in Vermont, but left the United States soon after the American War of Independence, and settled in Newcastle, Ontario.

Canada's first accredited diplomat was born in Toronto in February, 1887, where he received his early education at the Provincial Model School, St. Andrew's College, and Toronto University. In 1910 he went to Oxford to take a post-graduate course in ancient and modern history, and, on his return in 1913, he became a lecturer in modern history at Toronto, and the Dean

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of Residence in Victoria College. For years his home in Queen's Park has been a centre for distinguished visitors from Great Britain and the United States. His wife is the daughter of the late Sir George Parkin, a noted educationalist, for many years head of the Cecil Rhodes Foundation.

At the outbreak of war he became commanding officer of the School of Musketry at Camp Borden. His executive efficiency became known in the political world for the first time when he was appointed associate secretary of the War Committee of the Canadian Cabinet in 1918. The Government's war organization had become cumbersome, and Mr. Massey conceived the idea of bringing about a better correlation. After some thought and consultation, he prepared a chart outlining the whole machinery of wartime government at Ottawa, and the relations which each part had to the whole. His idea in doing this was to aid himself as a newcomer to the capital in visualizing the problem of government and the machinery available to cope with it. The chart was so helpful to himself and to others who saw it that numbers of copies were prepared for the use of several Cabinet members.

The thoroughness and directness of mind shown by this incident was characteristic of Mr. Massey, and, following the close of the war, the successful administrator became director of the Government Repatriation Committee. From this office he went directly into business, and, from 1921 to 1925, he was president of the $25,000,000 Massey-Harris Company. He resigned this office to enter the Cabinet of the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King in 1925, and, during the general election of that year, contested the constituency of Durham, a traditionally Conservative riding. He was defeated by 946 votes, after an historic campaign.

Mr. Massey has declared to friends that his hobby is architecture, and many of his ideas have taken shape at Toronto University in Hart House, Burwash Hall, and Simcoe Hall. In the construction of these, and the newer University buildings, such as the Forestry Building, he played an important part as chairman of the Property Committee of the Board of Governors. Hart House, considered the finest collegiate club on the continent, is the gift of his family, as well as himself. Hart House Theatre, in particular, was his idea. He has for years taken a

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great interest in the drama, and has been an actor, as well as director, in the plays given at Hart House for the last seven years. Competent critics adjudge him to possess histrionic ability of no slight order, and this talent evidently runs in the family, for his younger brother, Raymond, is one of the best known actors and producers in London.

The secret of his success as an actor is the secret of his other attainments. Any rôle he took at Hart House Theatre was studied so carefully that his own personality was submerged in the character he was portraying: witness his interpretation of *Pantaloon*, Sir James Barrie's charming play, which was produced in 1922 under his personal direction.

The new Minister offers no apologies for his taste for the dramatic art. He sees no reason why a man should not be as interested in the stage as in golf or horses. He is convinced that the drama is a form of art of direct social utility, and that an interesting Canadian drama is practical Canadianism. Some months ago he wrote a paper on *The Prospects for a Canadian Drama* for the *Queen's University Quarterly*, and he is at present engaged in editing a series of Canadian plays. It may be expected that among the Canadian products he will introduce into the United States are those of Canadian playwrights.

Mr. Massey possesses exceptional powers of concentration, and can, for an emergency, insulate himself against any disturbance and "let the world go by". He has been known to work on a problem with deep intensity for days at a time, and, when he has found a solution, to be as pleased as a boy with a new mechanical toy. I remember hearing the late Sir James Lougheed, former Minister of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, say: "Massey is a remarkable young man. He not only has a trained mind, but he has tact and concentration to unite the efforts of those around him to an unusual degree. I believe he will go far."

Another factor in his success is his value of time. For years he has maintained a schedule which has been the envy of his business associates. He has a record for punctuality that would make an alarm clock ashamed of striking, and his promptness in acknowledging personal correspondence is far famed.

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The young diplomat is not an aggressive controversialist; he is at all times a polite, considerate gentleman, devoid of offense, and often ends a committee gathering with the words: "Of course, gentlemen, that is only my offhand opinion on the matter, and I am quite willing to be corrected if I am in error." In keeping with that attitude is his keen desire to be fair to friend and foe, for he abhors a partisan dogfight as he abhors bad art.

By some he has been defined as "a distant man", as a lean Cassius who does not sleep well and who takes himself too seriously. He is a serious man, but the assertion that he takes himself seriously is another matter. He has never had a great deal of time in recent years for purely social affairs. Yet he is one of the most agreeable men one could possibly meet. He has a natural flair for fineness, which is a pre-requisite to culture. And, if a varied taste, a vital interest, and a complete independence imply true culture, he is one of the most cultured men of his years in Canada. In the days before his Washington appointment, the hall fireplace at No. 71 Queen's Park, Toronto, was a rendezvous for eager souls who came together and talked of stirring things. Those who met the young Dean of Victoria College under those conditions will not soon forget his kindly and helpful influence.

Leisure will, one imagines, be a rarer pleasure at Washington. For those who know the quick, understanding, Massey smile, and the curved, black bowled, friendly briar pipe, it is somewhat difficult to place him in the big Washington parade. Some newspapers have recorded the new Minister as having no recreations, that he does not indulge in sports, and is not an open air man. This is not in accordance with the facts, for Mr. Massey takes a keen zest in country life, and is at his happiest when enjoying a vacation at his country home, "Batterwood," in Durham County, Ontario. Here, with his two sons, he roams over the well kept farm, and feels at peace with the world and all mankind. His favorite exercise is to ride a saddle horse, and he is open hearted in his tribute to equine companionship. "Some people like dogs; others fancy cats, but I love a horse," he told me in a recent conversation.

Wherever Mr. Massey may happen to be, those present will know that he is proud of the land in which he was born. Shortly

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after he returned to Toronto from Oxford a friend asked him if he took as much interest in Canada as before he had gone to England. "More," was the quick and rather emphatic reply. "I think any Canadian should find himself more Canadian by going to Oxford, because from there he can see his own country in better perspective. Why shouldn't the study of what is peculiarly English help a man to appreciate better what is intensely Canadian?" That this is the case with Toronto's young diplomat is shown by his keen appreciation of Canadian art. For years he has championed Canadian artists with a marked preference for the native qualities of the Group of Seven, of which Lawren Harris, a grandson of the other founder of the Massey-Harris Company, is one of the chief exponents. He also admires Tom Thomson, and several of this artist's canvases adorn Hart House, as well as his own home. The lonely pine and the wind-swept skies of these Canadian canvases bring to his home the breadth and vastness of the young Dominion and the dreams of its pioneers.

The new Minister can scarcely be called a politician, for, until the general elections of 1925 and 1926, he had taken no active interest in politics. His participation in these campaigns was the result of a genuine desire to serve his country, and a belief that the progress of the Dominion might be seriously impeded if its population were divided by appeals to sectional feeling and the dreams of the forefathers forgotten. It is not in his nature to be a keen partisan. Reading and associations have broadened his outlook and removed his prejudices until he has become a public servant who is anxious to serve, with malice towards none.

His faith in Canada is unshakable. In a happy address given before the Ottawa Canadian Club, two years ago, he expressed pride in the Dominion and friendship for its neighbor:—

> We live on the borders of a great, powerful, exuberant people, engaged in building up their own civilization, and its contribution to the world will be both noble and necessary. And we are bound to them, I am glad to think, by many ties, both personal and national, and externally we resemble them, and must resemble them, for we live under the same physical conditions.
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> But I submit that, fundamentally, we are a different people, and, that, if there is any justification for the existence on the continent of two experi-

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ments and the maintenance of one capital here and of another at Washington, we must remain different. I do not think that the line which separates us is imaginary. It is a real boundary betweeen two civilizations, quite different, that meet there and meet in amity.

The old animosity between Canada and the United States is dead, and it will never be revived. It seems a long time ago now since there was—what we find so often in our nineteenth century literature—a conscious hatred of the United States. We are now on the most friendly terms with the American nation, and it was very impressive to hear the late President of the United States say, with all the authority of his great office, on Canadian soil, that the political union of the two peoples had never been either expected or desired by the American people.

It is such utterances as these that reveal the vision and understanding of the new Minister. Public men have cause sometimes to regret the hastily spoken words of former years. And, generally, the reason for the regret is because the words were spoken without due consideration. The new Minister never speaks without some consideration of the subject he is asked to discuss.

"He has the singular ability to take one subject at a time and to refuse to dispose of it until he has made up his mind how it should be handled," says a colleague of his at the University of Toronto. "What I mean to say is that, whether the subject be one of major or minor importance, it is dealt with strictly on its merits, and in so dispassionate a manner that no one feels there is any animus or feeling to his findings. He thinks at times like a surgeon. He might have to do a certain amount of cutting to eradicate an evil, but he would do it with such a sense of clear-sighted duty that no one would question seriously the motive behind his executive decisions."

And so it will be with his new responsibilities at Washington. Duty will come first at all times. He will face more and varied problems than he has yet been called upon to settle. In fact, he has one of the hardest jobs which the Canadian Government could ask a man to take. Many Canadians have looked mistakenly on his appointment as a social or honorary position. They have forgotten that, for some time, there have been a number of very difficult problems piling up for settlement which have been the cause of considerable worry to the British Embassy.

One of the more important questions which has claimed his

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attention during the last year is the dispute concerning the diversion of waters from the Great Lakes. Owing to the many legal and engineering features connected with the drainage diversion by the City of Chicago, the dispute may become a matter which may necessitate some sort of an arrangement between Canada and the United States.

Among other diplomatic issues to be tackled will be a revision of the Fisheries Agreement of 1885, a revision of the Four-Power Convention relating to fur seals in the Bering Sea, which Japan has asked to have changed, and the settlement of the Fraser River Salmon dispute between British Columbia and the State of Washington. Then there are a host of other issues, such as the erosion of Niagara, the water levels in Rainy River, the behavior of the army of immigration guards and prohibition inspectors along the long international boundary line, the export of pulp and paper, and details affecting extradition.

The new Minister is not blind to the fact that he has a position of tremendous possibilities for the future, good or ill, of his native land. He likes hard work, but, being human, he would prefer to have the general public understand that the job is not one in which the Canadian representative will at all times sit in the grandstand while the big parades go by.

"One can but do his best," he said to a friend not long ago. "Few people seem to have grasped the idea that there is an extraordinary amount of hard work to be done at Washington during the coming year, and for a number of years to come."

The United States will find in Vincent Massey a skilled executive who, by his wealth and wide education, has become a cosmopolite in the best sense of the word. Native ability, strengthened by a diligent search after truth, has given him wisdom, and an understanding and kindly nature has made him respected by his fellow citizens. He has gone to Washington to bring about a better understanding between Uncle Sam and Jack Canuck. It will not be his fault if the two neighbors do not become friendlier than they have been in the past.

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THE RETURN OF THE MATRIARCH

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

One of the hopeful signs of the times is the effort at last to take a hand in our own evolution. Granting that history must repeat itself, we are beginning to feel that we have a right to select what passages of history will bear repetition. My own vote is for the return of that misty period known as the Matriarchal. A little observation confirms my view that I am by no means the only woman today having this predilection. A far more significant fact is that men, all unconsciously, are betraying the same hankering for the reappearance of the Matriarch; else why does the male historian paint in such idyllic colors that nebulous era of female supremacy? The real truth is that during the Matriarchate, man had the time of his life, for he had nothing whatever to do except to supply germ-plasm and go hunting. It was left to women to conserve the results of man's creative ability and to select from the fruits of his research those elements that might contribute to the nurture of the race. No woman wanted to be a Matriarch then, nor does she now, for clearly there is no fun for women themselves in running the affairs of the world. Both then and now, woman had to butt her way into business and government simply because these were being so riotously conducted by men. Throughout history woman has had one unvarying motive, the emancipation of man. Women's present unselfishness in relinquishing the perquisites of the parasite is curiously unappreciated.

For the sake of argument, I assume that I am addressing those women who are perfectly willing to be women and those men who are perfectly willing to let them be. For these, the elect of both sexes, it would appear axiomatic that so long as the shape and contents of a woman's body differ from a man's, just so long will her contributions to civilization differ from a man's. Because of their physical constitution men are

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creative and combative; because of their physical constitution women are passive and preservative. But I am not arguing anything so obvious as the differences between the sexes; what I am trying to point out is a singular discrepancy in today's thinking, for precisely those men who most frankly accept the inferiority of women as the basis of all discussion, are the ones who most firmly resist the logical outcome of their own convictions. Since women are the inferior sex, why shouldn't they be set to do the inferior work of the world? Why do men insist on performing such menial tasks as the ordering of nations and the administering of business? Both are preëminently housewifely activities. Government exists merely to supply just as much of law and order as is needed to promote the full development of an infant humanity. Finance and commerce are only the means by which we conserve the fruits of the earth so that humankind may have enough to eat. Now men's general attitude toward these obviously feminine occupations of business and government is the same as that of the individual man who suddenly finds housekeeping thrust upon him. Either he takes housekeeping too seriously, or he doesn't take it seriously enough, and in either case he is wasteful. The returning wife either finds the dishes stacked to the ceiling, and crumbs all over the floor, or she finds the house punctiliously neat, but her man pale and emaciated. Just so the returning Matriarch will find men, in their administering of the world, either wasting its material resources, or wasting themselves. The chief trouble in keeping women out of their proper position in the humbler pursuits of the race, is that it keeps men out of their proper place in the sun. Both figuratively and literally, man's place is not in the kitchen.

The problems that the Matriarch upon arrival will find herself confronting may be briefly analyzed as three. They are psychological and they are male—man's innate unselfishness, his innate timidity, and the innate struggle between his creative and his combative instincts. Men's desire to do women's work for them is profoundly chivalrous, but of course the real trouble with all chivalry is that it denies women any opportunity to be chivalrous, so that it is to be hoped that the wise Matriarch may convince men of the advantage and the safety of a little self-

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indulgence in their own proper pursuits. Man's present fear to go hunting dangerous new beasts in dangerous new jungles may by tactful emphasis on his masculine brawn and mentality be changed back to the prehistoric courage once practised by his sex. But I wonder what on earth the new Matriarch will do with the clashing of men's idealism against their pugnacity. How long will men continue to build cathedrals one day and bomb them the next? That is a form of self-wastage that Mrs. Matriarch will have to attend to.

In those simple, prehistoric days, the occupations of the Matriarch were physical and personal. The ancient dame was expected to leave her mate free to hunt and to keep him desirous of hunting, to raise the cubs, and to see that the family had enough to eat. In that era, woman's physical structure was held to fit her especially for these humble but indispensable duties. It would be hard to prove that woman's physical structure has radically altered in the intervening centuries, therefore why should her services to the race have radically altered? There are more of us than there were a few æons back, and we are more complicated, but nothing has happened to change the basic facts of male and female. One patient age after another has been repeating the same old story, that men are the creators, the originators, the daring seekers, the artists, poets, inventors of the species, and that it is woman's function to help them to be all of these things, to spur them on to hunting, while she keeps the home fires burning, brings up the children, and sees that the larder is neither overstocked nor empty. Those old times were not only more muscular, but more logical than ours. If there were giants in those days, it was because men did not stunt themselves trying to do women's work for them, to the neglect of their own. There is no fact more splendidly argued by men today than that woman's maternal structure modifies her mentality, and of necessity relegates her to those activities that are merely the complement of men's. It is a masculine thesis too hoary for mention that women are by physical equipment fitted to be the housekeepers and home makers of all time, but why does not the obviously superior male carry his argument to its obvious conclusion? If woman's maternal equipment has

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endowed her with a capacity for smooth and economic administration of the private home and the private family, why should not the same executive ability be utilized for municipal and national housekeeping? It is puzzling to see why men cling so tenaciously to women's prerogatives when to entrust to women the reins of government and business would be merely to extend to society at large the advantages of the perfect marriage, as by all men always and everywhere conceived—that relation which leaves the man free for his high outdoor adventures, while the woman stays at home and runs the establishment.

Now women are not asking to be admitted to the kitchen from any desire for their own pleasure, since they know the drudgery far too well, nor from any lack of appreciation of men's chivalrous repugnance to letting women wash the world's dirty dishes or dirty linen. Women are begging to be allowed to do the world's housekeeping only because they see men doing it so wastefully and so wearily that we are sorry for them. When an individual husband, through some domestic exigency, has housekeeping shoved upon him, he usually rushes gaily at dish pan or washtub, thinking to toss off tasks so lightly and efficiently as to rebuke any burdened wife, but as the wife's vacation and the drudgery are prolonged, on and on, day by day, the male grows haggard, loses sleep from his nights and hair from his temples. There is no such relief known to the human imagination as that with which a man returns the kitchen to his wife after running it for a week.

Signs of an analogous haggardness are beginning to show among the potentates of business and of government. It may be that future history, looking back, will regard men's long and pathetic immersion in women's concerns as we today regard the untoward domestic emergency that pushes the man of the house temporarily into cooking and scrubbing. No man could deny that finance and statecraft, as now conducted by men, are being run so wastefully that masculine preoccupation with them is excusable solely on the ground that it is merely temporary. Such wild prodigality is only justifiable as an emergency measure of the harried male during woman's enforced absence from her proper economic position.

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The present spectacle of Big Business standing knee deep in a pile of mass production is merely an enlarged picture of what happens when the private paterfamilias sets out to make a batch of cookies. When men are deflected from their proper pursuits to do women's tasks, they naturally tend to exalt those tasks to meet their own cheated dignity. Daddy gets so enthusiastic turning out cookies, all hot and crispy, cookies and cookies and cookies, that he altogether forgets where the flour is coming from, and where the cookies are going to. When the savory pile suddenly tumbles down on his own head, he wakes from his creative dreams, and looks around for someone to eat the cookies. He sees the children. The children are hungry to begin with, but at the fiftieth cooky, their stomachs begin to show symptoms of sales resistance. Now the kitchen fire is by this time going so hard that the man doesn't dare to stop baking, so he feverishly seeks inducements to make the infants stuff. They become hypnotised by pictures of beautiful cookies on every sign post and by voices that iterate "cooky, cooky, cooky" in their ears. They eat. The result is inevitable. The poor babes are sick all over the kitchen floor, and refuse ever again to come within smelling distance of a cooky. When, harassed and thin, Big Business shall at last relinquish her kitchen to the welcome Matriarch, it will leave on her hands a triple problem of cookies unconsumed, and cookies exgurgitated, and a houseful of sick children. Hadn't you better let the Matriarch come back before the children get any sicker? Because of their wastefulness it is written that men must one day leave the kitchens of the world, simply because this planet does not possess the resources to support the riotous glee with which men overstock the larder, nor yet the mad unconcern with which they have stuffed the kitchen stove with perilous fuel. The chief difference between the outgoing magnate and the incoming Matriarch will be that she will think the child more worth saving than the cooky.

Surely not even a male would deny that a man in a kitchen is as pathetic an object as a lion in a cage, so that it does not seem as if it were going to be insuperably hard for women presently to open the doors and send men and lions frisking back to the chase.

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While I do not believe it is going to be impossible for us matriarchs to dissuade men from their present sacrificial absorption in doing women's work for them, nor yet to re-inoculate men with their pristine courage for hunting despite their long, long feminization, what I do see as a supreme difficulty is the age-old strife between man's creative and his combative tendencies. Nature made him that way. He is incessantly pulled into two parts, while nature so built us women that our whole being tends to a single end. It is much harder for men to be consistent than it is for women, and this should make us very patient with them. And we need all the patience we can muster when we perceive men's reluctance to let us exercise our feminine endowments in the preëminently feminine function of government. The maladjustment of the male to female occupations is nowhere so tragically manifest as in the management of nations. It is here that man's inborn love of fighting has completely blinded him to the real value of the activity. Government is only large scale housekeeping, and surely the sex best fitted by nature to do small scale housekeeping must be also the one best fitted to do it in the large. Man does not regard government as an institution which is merely an enlarged home. Nor does he regard himself as a householder. Government for him is not an institution but an arena, where rival office-seekers, rival parties, rival nations, shall fight to a finish. But a woman's outlook is not gladiatorial, but administrative. It is increasingly difficult for women to bring up the future human race with no more privacy and domesticity than would be afforded by living in a Roman amphitheatre.

Now just as women should be patient with men because, constituted as they are, they can't help being inconsistent, so men should be patient if we women are not sufficiently convinced by the messiness of the arena to rush to follow its two most cherished principles. Frankly, I do not know just how the Matriarch is going to get past the men back to her necessary position in practical affairs, so long as she rejects these two darling masculine convictions, the necessity of prestige and the necessity of politics. Neither in managing her own house nor the nations' will the Matriarch squander good time and energy on prestige and politics. Prestige is the paralyzing consciousness of what

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the other fellow may be thinking about you, so nothing is more constraining to your own freedom of action. Prestige is an essential for the prizefighter, but an impossibility for the housekeeper. Prestige is a distinctly male prerogative, for a woman's most incapacitating inferiority to a man is her sense of humor. There is no real man who is not frank enough sometimes to strut; there is no real woman who is not too secretive ever to do so. In the present order of things you could not convince man or nation or rooster that their strutting does not somehow contribute to the welfare of the private henyard and to the dignity of nations, but when a hen shall at last rule the roost, she will not strut, believing it a waste of energy, and knowing also what all hens have always, in their hearts, thought about the strut.

Now politics is a curious conviction, possible only to the combative sex, that competition is somehow in itself constructive, that two helmsmen, one at each end of the boat, each striving in the opposite direction, are the best method of guiding the Ship of State on a straight course to port—a humorous figment of fancy inexorably disproved by the fact that as to principles and practices the two helmsmen are today seated so close together that no voter knows how to insert his piece of paper between them. A woman, innately frugal and housewifely, would prophesy from party government exactly the results she would prophesy from installing rival cooks in the same kitchen, arming each with a knife to protect her against attack from the other, and expecting the two under these conditions to provide for the children the most nourishing and economical meal obtainable. The conception that rival parties, jealously watching each other's actions, are the best means of conserving the public resources for the public use, is as ill advised as expecting the bellicose cooks not to employ the supplies in the pantry for the smashing of each others' heads, thus depriving the hungry nation of its proper amount of tinned soup and potted ham. The plodding, unimaginative Matriarch will regard politics as the fatal masculine tendency to become absorbed in the game to the neglect of the goal.

Because history is so sure to repeat itself, it does not need to hurry. Out of the far past ages, the Matriarch is steadily trekking her way back to us, simply because she has become an inex-

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orable economic necessity. When she returns to her prehistoric eminence, there will be no great change except in the size of her tent. She will cry to the males bowed with the cooking and weaving for the nations, "Out you go! Rise to your ancient spears and arrows! Courage to conquer the new beasts that would destroy the soul, to win new wastes for human pioneering! Look at the splendid male brains of you! Go forth and create! Out to your hunting! But mind what you bring back to me, for as of old it shall be the woman's part to sort the offal from the meat of men's kill. Wastefully now, you track the secrets of science to their lair, and bring back for the children's breakfast only the teeth and the claws, the clinking trophies of cynicism and destruction. Comrade man, you know me built for one function, and therefore forever weaker than you in body and in brain. Yet it may be because of that same function that the race is to be safeguarded by my vision into the future, vision that may make me, of the two of us, always the better conservator of your own creations, your own achievements."

Q. E. D. The Matriarch is more to be desired than dreaded in the future as in the past. But right here I whisper my humble, Missourian doubt. The prehistoric provides a field quite as alluring to romance as to research. I have always wondered whether there really was such a person as the Matriarch. Anyway, male historians say there was. Is it possible that men's own longing for emancipation invented the Matriarch of the misty past? Is it possible that men's own longing for emancipation may welcome the Matriarch of the misty future?

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THE COLOSSUS OF THE NORTH

BY GEORGE WHEELER HINMAN, JR.

THERE is nothing more effective in dealing with an undeveloped mentality than a bugaboo. The fear of this imaginary monster and of his evil intentions may be relied upon to inspire in his supposedly prospective victim the most immediate and most violent reactions. A large bugaboo is particularly effective. We can all of us recall childish visions of ogres; and, whereas we were sometimes moved to emulate Jack-the-Giant-Killer and slay these enemies of our peace of mind, we were more often inclined to flee shamelessly from their threatened advent.

The Colossus of the North is the United States of America in bugaboo form. It is a Saxon-American ogre, conjured up by the political intellectual of Latin America to terrify his fellow citizens into following him and his counsel. Like Aladdin of the fairy tale, he rubs the lamp of desire, and in misty, intangible form, forth rises this monster genie to do his bidding. It capers about, making the most terrifying grimaces and extending its taloned hands hungrily in pursuit of prey. Like Saint George before the Dragon, the political intellectual of Latin America stands between his terrified people and the bugaboo, and brandishes in his good right hand his most trusted weapon, the *palabra*. It is difficult to translate in this sense the exact significance of the Spanish word, *palabra*. In substance, it means *the right to talk*.

In point of fact, the Colossus of the North has all the makings of an ideal bugaboo. In the first place, there, north of the Rio Grande, Saxon America has builded in record time one of the Great Powers of the world. Its mere size and success constitute an offense to the smaller and less successful. Secondly, in international affairs, the people of that Great Power are rather tolerant and easy-going. Having enormous resources of their own awaiting development, they have not felt the urge of the economic spur that has driven the hard pressed peoples of the other Great

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Powers to pursue world empires. And, finally, this Great Power has pledged itself and has compelled others to respect the sovereignty of the less orderly younger nations in the New World.

In order to be able to understand the international psychology of the Latin American politician, we must take a glance at the history of the New World during the last century, and trace the development of a unique system of international philosophy. Something more than one hundred years ago, when the capitals of Continental Europe were discussing projects for reëstablishing Old World dominion over the would-be independent nations of Latin America, the man who at the moment chanced to be President of the United States made of public, official record the Doctrine that the Americas might no longer be encroached upon by non-American Powers. Because the President's name was James Monroe, the principle which he enunciated, and "in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved," came to be known throughout the world as the Monroe Doctrine.

The basic axiom underlying the Monroe Doctrine is the nation's fundamental, inalienable right of self defense. The President stated firmly that his Government could not view "in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States" an attempt by a European Power to control in any manner the destiny of the independent régimes of Latin America. This was a broad statement, covering almost every imaginable contingency which could involve an American and a non-American Government. There was, too, the inevitable implication of wide responsibilities. In international parlance, the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition provokes a retaliatory blow. In plain language, the United States announced itself prepared to fight any Old World Power which sought to interfere in the affairs of a New World Nation.

Because, for one reason or another, the nations of the Old World found it to their interest to heed this announcement as the decades passed, the nations of the New World worked out their national destinies in an international atmosphere unique in modern history. Immune to the operation of the everyday customs of world politics, the American Republics blazed a new trail in national self determination. They became the spoiled children

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of the civilized world. Although of little international account, they spoke when not spoken to, and, when spoken to, their replies and their conduct were likely as not to be most impertinent toward their elders. They met such international obligations as suited their fanciful pleasure. Some of them developed persistent streaks of destructiveness, being given to gunfire and bloodshed and generally obstreperous behavior.

Elsewhere in the world, in Europe, in Africa, in Asia, backward peoples were taken in hand by the Great Powers and were required to toe the mark. Those which failed to heed repeated warnings found themselves partly or wholly deprived of their sovereignty and compelled to conduct themselves more nearly in accord with a developing code of international good manners. The civilized world was becoming too closely knit an enterprise, too interdependent in an economic sense, to tolerate the repeated failure of any people to behave properly. If the people on the ground seemed unwilling or unable to develop their resources in an orderly manner for the benefit of all, some other people were always more than ready to take the matter in hand. Complete self determination among nations was—and is—as absurd as complete self determination among individuals. International anarchy is just as impossible as individual anarchy.

But, while the backward peoples of other continents were receiving their schooling, even the most disorderly in the Americas were permitted to run wild. Whenever one of the Great Powers, irritated beyond endurance, would reach for the switch of international chastisement, the Government at Washington would interpose a protesting hand which warded off the blow; and the unrepentant little American nation gleefully thumbed its nose at its would-be tutor. Of course, this sort of thing could not continue indefinitely. Powerful and influential in world affairs as it undoubtedly is, the Government at Washington cannot be expected to defy the consolidated opinion of the great civilized peoples in a matter of ordinary, international commonsense. In the case of backward societies elsewhere in the world, the Great Powers had said:

"Here, if you cannot behave yourselves, we will take you in hand."

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But, in the case of the disorderly peoples of the Americas, the Great Powers said to the Government at Washington:

"You decline to let us take these chaps in hand. Now, is it not up to you to do something about their misconduct?"

Such a question could hardly have been answered in the negative. In the academic application of the principle of national self determination, each of these backward peoples was entitled to "go the limit" within its own national boundaries; and those dissatisfied with its line of misconduct were at liberty to get out of the country. But, in the practical customs of the family of nations, no such academic right of self determination existed, nor does it exist today. In the modern world—call it the capitalistic world, if you will—each nation is expected to protect the lives and the properties of those within its boundaries. It is expected to contract no foreign obligations which it is unable to meet, and those foreign obligations which it does contract are to be paid in accordance with the terms of the agreement.

Quite naturally and inevitably, the duty devolved upon the United States of teaching the less orderly peoples of the Americas how to comport themselves as members of the family of nations. There was no shirking the responsibility. Either the Government at Washington would perform the thankless task, or, eventually, the other Great Powers would take charge of the undertaking. So, the United States acted, and, in accordance with its traditional policy, acted alone.

Then, the fun began. All the animosity that elsewhere in the world had been distributed among Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, and Japan, was centered, so far as Latin America was concerned, upon the United States. Child nations, with a background of generations of wilfulness, rebelled against even the most gentle admonition; and the politicians of these nations, quick to sense the advantage to themselves of such a step, conjured up the bugaboo of the Colossus of the North to frighten their peoples.

The leaders in the Mexican Revolution discovered in the Colossus a particularly useful bugaboo. Whenever his programme clashed with the generally accepted principles of international law, and the Government at Washington inevitably took the lead

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in arguing for those principles, the Mexican leader shouted the bugaboo into the international foreground and brandished his trusty *palabra* in the smoke of its fire-snorting nostrils. Or, as a relief picture, he would paint himself as the gallant Latin David, with the *palabra* as a rock in his neat little sling ready to annihilate the giant Saxon Goliath, panoplied in warships and United States Marines.

Then, quite naturally, the Mexican politician began to fancy the vision of himself as the champion of all the backward peoples of the Caribbean region against the threat of the Colossus. He had demonstrated his own ability to defy the Colossus. Why should he not extend his sphere of activity and organize a collective defiance? He saw himself marching to the Panama Canal with song and flowers—and a few guns beneath the blossoms, just to be on the safe side. He encouraged expert bugaboo-baiters to set up their headquarters in Mexico City, and he generously supplied stimulants to sympathetic mentalities in the United States and elsewhere, that those mentalities might rise up and proclaim the menace of the Colossus. It was well done.

This newest device for parading the Colossus in all its imperialistic panoply reached a small climax in a controversy over what some serious-minded persons insisted upon describing as the constitutionality of two rival régimes in Nicaragua. By the persistent exercise of well intentioned bad judgment, the State Department at Washington had brought to pass in Nicaragua a condition that threatened disaster there for the would-be friends of the United States and triumph for those who were not quite so friendly. Mexico was quick to appreciate the possibilities of the situation and, putting it mildly, to give substantial encouragement to the opponents of the professed friends of Washington. Thereupon, Washington, with undignified precipitancy, recognized as constitutional a régime hastily set up by its friends, and embarked upon an hysterically vigorous programme designed to undo the evil of months of mistaken good intention. Mexico quite promptly recognized as constitutional the opposing régime, and the issue was joined.

There is no need here to argue the merits of the rival régimes. Only a person utterly without a sense of humor can live in trop-

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ical America for any length of time and retain the opinion that political constitutionality is a matter to be taken seriously. The point is that the United States with its warships and Marines, and Mexico with its *palabra*, appeared pitted against each other in the international arena. The outcome of the struggle was immaterial. In the eyes of the bugaboo-baiters throughout the Caribbean region, Mexico stood forth as their Jack-the-Giant-Killer. It remained for them to supply beanstalks that he might ascend periodically before the astonished eyes of the world and with his ever ready *palabra* smite the Colossus of the North.

Fortunately for the United States and its citizens, these tormentors of the good natured Colossus are, comparatively speaking, of little real account. Among politicians and so-called intellectuals, they raise an awful rumpus; but, throughout Latin America, the average business man—be he small shopkeeper or great industrialist—and the average worker—ditchdigger or clerk—pay little heed to the uproar. Patriotism is not a self-nourishing abstraction. Whatever its form, no Government that fails to protect the lives and the properties of its citizens and to promote their general welfare can command their real loyalty. The citizens of the less stable nations of tropical America are no exceptions to this rule.

Persons with political or financial axes to grind frequently pay visits to those countries wherein the Government at Washington has taken a hesitating hand in the interests of order and stability. There, they talk with others of their ilk, and then emit loud shrieks against imperialism and in behalf of outraged nationality and unlimited self determination. But no normal man can live for any time among the ordinary people of those countries—the people who, for decades, have been victimized and robbed by bandits in and out of office—without being impressed by their gratitude for the elimination of the old disorder and by their fervent hope that its return may be prevented.

Cuba is the outstanding example nearest the shores of the United States. Into Cuba's Constitution was written the so-called Platt Amendment, under the authority of which the Government at Washington may act in case Cuba gives evidence of an inability to govern itself in an orderly manner without recourse to

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firearms and machetes. The Platt Amendment is the particular target of the wielders of the *palabra*. Certain persons in the United States delight in using the verb *Cubanize* as descriptive of something abhorrent in the relations between their own country and the Island Republic.

Most of them know nothing about Cuba, and have never even seen the famous Morro Castle, except on a picture postcard. If they would take the trouble to spend a little time in Cuba and to chat informally with persons outside a small group of political and intellectual agitators, they would learn that the Platt Amendment is not altogether evil. The losing side in a Cuban national election at one time determined to fight the issue out on the battlefield, the traditional high court of tropical American politics. The United States Army and Navy, under the ægis of the Platt Amendment, took the matter in hand; and, for a dreary period, the bellicose Cuban politician ceased to be a factor in the affairs of his country. The lesson was sufficient. Since that time, the settling of political differences on the battlefield has been unpopular among Cuban politicians. *Cubanized* as it is, the island lives under an orderly and stable régime, and the great mass of the Cuban people are so much the happier. And they are grateful for that happiness.

Another example—Haiti. What was Haiti before the United States sought to put it on its tottering black feet? It was chaos, utter, hopeless chaos. Vast stretches of some of the richest soil in the world lay a tropical wilderness, inhabited by half savage, desperate human animals made in the image of God. Bandits roamed the countryside, looting at will. There was no incentive to production, for what was produced belonged not to him who produced it, but to him who could take it. Filthy marketplaces in the centers of population were almost deserted. The country folk raised no surplus foodstuffs, first, because the produce probably would be stolen before it reached the market, and, second, because, in the absence of highways, transportation was most difficult. The land was a land of ignorance and despair.

Go to Haiti today after a decade of peace and development under the tutelage of the United States. Pass up the few noisy agitators, and talk to the ordinary citizen—the city worker and

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the small farmer. Is he leading a happier, cleaner, better and more comfortable life than he was leading under the old anarchy? Of course, he is, and he is grateful, too.

Politicians and their retainers may rant against the Colossus of the North. They may clamor to the skies about the rights of a sovereign nation and the supposed menace of the Colossus to those rights. But the ordinary citizen, who with his fellows makes up the great mass of the people, has only a cursory interest, if any, in the disturbance. He wants order and stability, security of life and property for himself and his, conditions which will enable him to maintain a roof over their heads and to provide them with the necessaries and, if possible, a few of the luxuries of life. So far as he can see with his ordinary, everyday vision, the Colossus of the North offers no obstacles in the way of the realization of these desires.

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NEW WAYS IN WORLD TRADE

BY LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN

In much the same way as the prudent individual business man is interested in the welfare of his customers, the American business world collectively is concerned over the economic health of its customers, some of whom are also competitors.

Individually, speaking in terms of countries, the United Kingdom now buys from us and sells to us just a little more than any other country. In terms of continents, Europe is our best client. She takes half of all the goods we sell and sends us a third of all we buy. Asia also sends us a third, but Europe is always first as a buyer of our products.

Old Europe had a terrible experience ten years ago, but she is recovering, getting back on her feet again very rapidly. In fact, her return to full economic health is one of the outstanding features of the business situation in the world today. She is not only our best customer, but increasingly our chief rival in the markets of the world.

Of course we are going to have to struggle to keep what we have. Nevertheless, we are beginning to see—rather dimly, as yet—the possibility that the day may come when the phrase, "international trade rivalries", may not convey all the truth of the situation. In other words, hereafter world trade will probably depend very largely on two comparatively new factors. These are the so-called "Americanization" of the older continents, and the common endeavor on the part of all the industrial nations to raise the standard of living in backward regions of the earth so that these regions may want and consume more goods.

This after-the-war world has resumed the development of its economically backward areas. As it proceeds to its task, two outstanding features of the resulting international trade competition are keenly interesting to Americans.

First, there is the above-mentioned "Americanization" of civ-

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ilized nations; the adoption of American organization and mass production methods to meet the drive of our merchants for world trade. This process is known in Europe as Rationalization, of which more later. But the result is the same. Like the woman who said she was so tired of fighting a certain man that she married him to get rid of him, so Europe is adopting American methods in order to combat American trade. Some of the nations of the older continent are making more progress in this than others. The efforts are different and the success varied. They all realize that mass production must have a large market, preferably domestic. That is our advantage; one that Europe cannot copy. But they are trying. A German economist, Arthur Feiler, believes that Europe will be "Americanized," but cannot obtain the same results. "Europe," he contends, "can only expect half the reward at most."

The second fact is what may be called the emergence of better international manners. We are all struggling to bring about a higher standard of living. It used to be part of the creed of world traders that no nation could win new markets except by ousting some others. This economic philosophy has now been generally discarded. We all recognize that our gains are to be made primarily by helping to strengthen the buying power all over the world through various means, partly through investments abroad. Improved standards of living, more stable political conditions, and an intensive development of raw materials, will make better customers of the people who live in those lands, old historically, new economically.

Standards of living, the development of mass production, and our new financial supremacy on one side, are coming to be set over against Europe's advantages in her colonies, and some of the mandates, and her "identities of language" in those areas.

Then there is the establishment of particular agencies to aid Europe in her competition, including marketing boards, export credits, the extension of home machinery. The older continent, finally, is sending abroad commercial secretaries, commercial attachés and trade commissioners, as well as granting subsidies to transportation lines and enacting preferential tariffs. These developments are part of the world business situation in 1928.

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Looking inwardly, Europe sees the stern necessity for increasing her exports. She is preparing, with new seriousness and energy, to win back the trade she lost to the United States during the war. This was to be expected as she recovered her business health. But the situation also includes the factor of expanding trade, so that she may meet her war time debts.

As a result of this slowly clarifying idea of her own common interests, Europe has already worked out a highly integrated system of consolidations, known variously as cartels or syndicates. She has also put into practice such devices as export rebates, reduced railway, canal and ocean freight rates, associations for joint export selling and propaganda, government participation in credit risks, and American loans for extending foreign banking, manufacturing and credit facilities. Finally, she is sending abroad an increasing number of trained governmental representatives to solicit business.

It would be impossible here to cite all, or even most, of the evidences of the rapidly maturing realization of the economic solidarity of Continental Europe. A few of them should be recalled. In 1926 the Pan-European Congress in Vienna was followed by the so-called Bankers' Manifesto. Then came the World Economic Conference at Geneva and the International Chamber of Commerce meeting at Stockholm in 1927. Meanwhile, certain very important and significant industrial combinations were being worked out, including the continental steel combine, the rail syndicate, and the closer knitting together of the German dyestuffs trust, while negotiations were proceeding for the formation of cartels for the control of aluminum, iron and nitrates. The chemical trade is already largely "trustified".

These are some of the things Europe sees at home. Looking outward across the Atlantic, the older continent views, in the United States, a vast portent for her future. Here, in the New World, Europe sees massed wealth and productive power greater than the world has ever known before, greater than can be assembled by all our united rivals. Europe sees this wealth, and the product of this industrial power sweeping along trade channels in the large and small countries alike. She sees the banners of our commerce carried forward by keen minded men who will

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not—cannot—be stopped. She sees our Government officials and the representatives of business organizations combing the commercial fields of all the world. With an avalanche of printed material in all languages, our merchants are seen seeking the buyer in the remotest hamlet to tell him the story of American goods. Europe sees, in the United States, high wages and immense domestic purchasing power permitting of manufacturing methods and affording opportunity for inventive initiative not approached in any other country. Finally, she sees billions of American money going abroad to provide insurance for raw materials and to save Old World Governments from bankruptcy.

These are some of the portents seen in the sky of old Europe, reviving economically as she is. She understands these things more clearly than we ourselves as yet comprehend them. Europe, therefore, has a feeling of apprehension not entirely unjustified. She is casting around for more efficient methods of meeting our drive for world markets.

Partly as a result of the Geneva Conference, in May, 1927, Europe—not exactly in a spirit of antagonism, but even in a way at least in presumed coöperation—is endeavoring to "Americanize" herself by mass production and efficiency methods for the purpose of meeting us. No criticism nor animosity was shown and "no evidence of a line-up against the United States" at this Geneva Conference. It was generally agreed by the business statesmen there assembled, that the world today lacks sufficient purchasing power to absorb the goods it is capable of producing. Therefore, men are out of work. Others are partly employed and plants are partly or wholly idle. This is largely because the war destroyed so much capital. Europe has adopted her programme of Rationalization to take in the slack in industry.

To the older continent this term, Rationalization, means that organization of industry in a systematic way, under some kind of unified control, which we have in mind when we speak of the three factors in our new business programme, Standardization, Simplified Practice, and Elimination of Waste.

Rationalization has proceeded on the Continent, particularly in Germany. An impetus has been given it by the cartels in steel, chemicals and dyestuffs,—joint stock companies for the

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production and sale, or both, of raw materials and finished goods, —and of lesser combinations, or pools, of producers and merchants eager to decrease manufacturing costs and improve methods of distribution.

The attempt to "Americanize" Great Britain has not proceeded very far as yet. It is true that recently Britain's position in world trade, long "buttressed by coal, investment, shipping and insurance services and the commercial genius of the individual trader," has been severely shaken. The British, however, have established their Empire Marketing Board, with a million pounds sterling annual subsidy from the Government for ten years and contributions from the Dominions, to promote the sale of Empire products through propaganda and advertising. At the same time, the Export Credits Guaranty Department of the London Government unconditionally assures merchants that bills of exchange representing the export of British-made goods will be paid at the due date. These are powerful stimulants to British overseas trade.

From France, on the other hand, our competition is of a different order. France is, after all, a country of farmers, artisans and bourgeois. Almost literally self sufficient and practically independent economically, the Frenchman is an individualist. He prefers working alone. He cannot entirely escape mass production, of course, but he will undoubtedly reserve the right to decide which of his industries should use mass production and which, in the words of a recent French writer, "should resist Fordization".

The Germans have accepted, almost without reserve, the American programme, and it is among them that Rationalization has recorded its greatest advance. The cartel itself is a typically German expedient. German delegations of business men—large ones—have been coming to this country frequently during the last two years to study our methods. Recently a keen American observer, returning from the older Continent, told some interesting stories of the "Americanization" of Germany during the years since the Armistice. According to this authority, "the German consumer, to an amazing extent, has become obsessed with the idea that everything is better in America.

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He is willing to pay more for American goods, even when his own countrymen make equally good ones of the same sort. American advertising and sales methods have captured the German heart."

Space does not permit a detailed description of the methods used by Europe to compete with us. But it will be interesting to describe, briefly, the principal different types of competition which face American export trade.

Preferentials are a method originating within the British Empire. Dominions within the Empire accord favored preferential tariff treatment to one another, from which foreigners are excluded. Canada and the Mother Country have long had such an arrangement. Other European countries have entered into similar agreements with their colonies, among them, France, Belgium, and Portugal.

New customs tariffs for Protection, for the express purpose of fostering local industries, rather weak in the face of competition from abroad, may be well represented by the British Safeguarding of Industries Act, adopted in 1921.

New industries involve the custom of establishing and fostering certain industries not heretofore existing, with special concessions and privileges, sometimes even subsidies, for the purpose of lessening the importation of goods formerly bought abroad. It is not a very successful method and, at best, a slow working one.

The granting of Export Credits, with government guarantee, is a comparatively new expedient. It can be of great aid to shippers. British and German merchants have certain mutual arrangements of this kind.

In some European countries the legislation aimed at restricting imports and encouraging the demand for locally produced merchandise, requires the marking of imported goods with the name of the country of origin.

Soviet Russia furnishes the best example of State control or monopoly. The Russian Government takes by far the largest individual part in Russian industry and almost all such industry, including all foreign trade, is under Government control. There are several other examples of this, notably the Spanish Government's control of oil.

At the close of the world war a number of prohibitions or re-

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strictions of imports went into effect. They were accompanied by a rather complicated and burdensome system of contingents or licenses. Some of these have not yet been abolished.

"Dumping" is no new custom—the selling of goods abroad at lower prices than in the home market. Special legislation has been enacted in many countries to protect local manufacturers against "dumping". The Union of South Africa has become worried over what its merchants call American "dumping".

Lower production costs have long been an advantage which the European exporter has had over his American competitor, chiefly in cheaper labor. The wages of the world's workers, on the other hand, are steadily, if slowly, increasing. While it does not seem likely that they will ever be as high as in the United States—certainly not in the near future—this factor of advantage held by European manufacturers in their production costs will tend to decrease as time goes on.

So much for special forms of competition. All are the outgrowth of differences in labor costs as applied to unequal natural resources.

It is really remarkable, how the "Americanization" of the world, as it is coming to be called, seems to fit in with the modern mood of higher living standards, the result of greater wealth and increasing desires. A shrewd observer recently remarked that a social consciousness seems to emerge only when backward regions begin to use American goods. Perhaps it is the other way. It may be that the belated areas of our globe yearn for Yankee products because they are "coming up" socially.

"Social consciousness", as a phrase, might be considered to be equivalent to what most of us mean when we use the word "civilized". But then, what, after all, is "civilization"? Is a man more highly civilized when he begins to use tooth-paste, simply because he has money sufficient to buy a tube, when formerly he had better teeth because he ate less rich food?

Then, of course, back of all such discussions is the consideration of differences—physical differences, at any rate. Does it necessarily follow that, because an American, living in the United States, finds canned goods, safety razors and steam heat useful and comforting, the Chinese peasant in the Yangtse

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Valley, or the Tahitan under his banana tree, will find these things equally useful and desirable in their Oriental habitats? But, you say, neither the Chinese peasant nor the Tahitan brave will want to use these evidences of "civilized" life until he has made sufficient progress to be able to understand them. Perhaps. Be that as it may, it seems beyond denial that an increasing consciousness of fitness, awareness of the value of a proper and engaging appearance, comes with the greater use of the many material appliances, contrivances, devices and preparations which are so peculiarly characteristic of our modern America.

Coöperation, comity and understanding will work wonders in world trade, as well as in other things. Of course, we wish to have our fair share of world trade, and we are going to have it. But we do not wish a share that will deprive others of what they need and should have. Our trade flourishes as much by selling to countries which are our competitors as by selling to those which do not compete with us. The United Kingdom, for example, is our chief competitor and our largest overseas customer. What she does with these goods—whether she consumes them herself, or ships them elsewhere—need not concern us. She buys them. Britain and other Old World countries need foreign trade as much as we, and it is to our interest for them to have it. A monopoly of world trade for us would not be far from an unmixed disaster.

There will always be enough trade to go round. Higher wages and better standards of living will become the order, the normal course, for many backward countries. Increased demand will emerge in these places while many new markets will develop in other ways. The world now knows its economic ills and feels confident it can find out the remedies.

Perhaps the entire matter may be summed up in what the Rt. Hon. Walter Runciman, the British statesman, said as to the definite gain of the Geneva Conference:

> Those who are concerned to maintain business prosperity in all countries are convinced that a mutual understanding in international, economic and business problems is the surest guarantee for a growing volume of trade and for the maintenance of the higher standards of life and comfort, which are the legitimate aspirations of modern diplomacy.

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THE CONGESTION PROBLEM

BY IRVING T. BUSH

I HAVE a great respect for engineers. Modern progress has been due to their genius. But when an amateur engineer reaches for a pencil, I put the checkbook into the safe. A new pencil, a clean sheet of paper, and an imaginative mind, which has not been taught by experience the restraint which practical considerations throw about any project, can make the war debt of Europe look like pocket money.

The "congestion problem" is suffering from too many cooks of this variety. "Ah," you say, "so here is another." I have worn the points from enough lead pencils, studying one phase of the New York congestion problem, to know at least that Mr. Mellon is not going to ship the gold reserve to me just because I have a pretty idea.

If we were building a new city, we would avoid many of our present difficulties. We would have more streets and wider streets, with adequate parking space for motor cars. We have not, however, a clean sheet of paper and we must adjust ourselves to conditions as they are. My experience in dealing with one phase of traffic congestion—that having to do with the movement of freight—has made me realize the importance of a well-defined plan. There may be some new cities where study has been given to create a well rounded scheme for a complete city. This has not been true in New York. It, like Topsy, "has just growed," and it is useless to bemoan that fact, for in the beginning no one could visualize the ultimate size of New York, and city planning as a science had not been thought of. Even yet, city planners give little thought to elements except those which touch the personal comfort of the people. They seem to forget that the fundament of all is an opportunity for the men and women who live in the city to make a living.

A few years ago, I was asked to attend a conference of men

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creating a plan for the future of New York. I saw that park areas had been provided, residential sections set aside, and locations for wholesale and retail business thought of. I asked where the manufacturing of the city was to be located. The planners made a vague gesture towards the outskirts of the city, and said they had not given consideration to that phase of the matter, for it would be taken care of by the railroads. I pointed out that the success of any city depends upon its industry, and that its life blood is the little yellow pay envelope which circulates through all of its arteries, supporting the shops, theatres and trade of the city, and paying the salaries of those who work in the office buildings. Without this life blood, the heart of a city will cease to beat and it will die.

Cities compete with one another as do individuals, and ultimately business will go to the place where it can be conducted the most cheaply. A volume could be written upon this phase alone, but it is important only in considering the street congestion of American cities, because it teaches that a growth of expediency should not be permitted, but a plan should be adopted which will prevent congestion, instead of relying upon the little cures which usually only intensify the trouble. Surgery is not a pleasant treatment, but it is more effective than a poultice, when necessary.

One of the causes of freight congestion in modern cities is that effort for relief has been concentrated upon means which will make it possible to do more business in the same congested areas. No attempt has been made to look at the city as a whole. When, for instance, conditions have become almost intolerable on the West Side of Manhattan, someone has suggested building an elevated freight railroad, which would add to the expense of handling freight, and make conditions even more intolerable. The prevailing idea has always pointed toward centralization, when the cure for congestion is decentralization.

Within the Metropolitan District of New York—and the same is true of every other American city with which I am familiar—there is abundant room for industry and a population much greater than now exists. There is cheaper property which can be used, where less costly operating conditions can be created

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for industry, and less expensive homes provided. This change can be brought about to the benefit of everyone, except those fortunate owners of the land in the congested areas, if intelligent consideration of all of the elements is given.

It is a well known fact that a much greater number of square feet of floor space than now exists could be provided on the Island of Manhattan, if a uniform height of six stories was created. It is also true that we could devote a part of Manhattan to gardening, if a height of fifty stories was established. Each of these limits may seem absurd, but somewhere between them there is an intelligent medium. I shall not attempt to suggest that medium. It must depend upon a consideration of many factors, including whether we prefer an irregular skyline, or one more uniform. The latter consideration depends upon the taste of our people. There are many who see greater beauty in a uniformity of skyline. There are others who are equally insistent that irregularity gives greater beauty. The point we must keep in mind is not what to do with existing conditions, but what is going to happen, if we double and treble the number of tall buildings within the congested area.

I read the other day an article written by one of our amateur engineers, which stated that the skyscraper has nothing to do with our street congestion. He argued that the congestion was due entirely to the number of motor cars. This is undoubtedly true, but why the motor cars? They are there because a great number of people using motor cars find it necessary to get into the same area at the same time. If we permit the erection of buildings which will house several times the number of people in offices and apartments, in the same area, there will certainly be several times the number of people struggling to get into that area. The solution offered by this writer is to create two- or three-story streets. This can be done. Aside from the obvious disadvantages of cutting off sunlight, it is merely a question of money, and paying the charges for interest and maintenance. In the meantime, a short distance away, there will be areas of low buildings which could readily be developed to a greater height, were efforts directed to decentralize, rather than to congest.

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It is the old story of our experience in freight congestion over again. We are making our plans to increase congestion, rather than to decrease it, and are endeavoring to bridge each difficulty by some patchwork solution which will make confusion worse confounded. No one can visualize with equanimity Manhattan fifty years hence, if we continue our present course, unless the result should be that the cost of carrying on business becomes so great that the growth of the city stops, a future which no one in New York cares to contemplate. The sensible thing to do is to limit the floor area on each given plot. This can be done either by establishing a uniform maximum height of building, or by permitting an irregularity of height, but with the provision that a no greater number of square feet of floor space be permitted upon each lot.

Our experience in building Bush House in London may have some bearing. The street congestion in London is still much less intense than in Manhattan, but it has reached a point where finding parking space for the cars of tenants in business buildings has become difficult. We therefore created Bush House upon the outer portion of the property, leaving interior courts, which are utilized for the accommodation of tenants' cars. This has proved to be a convenience to tenants, and a relief to the street congestion in the immediate vicinity. It is a convenience so greatly appreciated by tenants that they will pay an added rent, which in some measure compensates us for the property devoted to parking purposes. It also increases the light and air, and thus adds an element of value to the offices which we have for rent.

Should we decide in favor of a limitation of floor area in Manhattan, but prefer an irregular skyline, the result would be somewhat as follows:

If we take a plot 100 feet square, upon which the owner under present conditions is permitted to erect a building covering 80 per cent. of its area, the building would cover 8,000 square feet. If it was decided that he could erect upon this plot a building having a total floor area of 80,000 square feet, he could choose, for example, between erecting a building twenty stories high upon 4,000 square feet of his plot, or a building ten stories high, covering 80 per cent. of his plot area.

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Of course, there are many other variations, dependent upon the size and location of his plot, and the manner in which he may wish to develop it. The general principle remains the same.

Calculations of this kind are not necessary, if we decide in favor of a uniform skyline, or one as uniform as can be created with existing buildings. It is my belief, however, that sentiment will demand an opportunity to build high buildings. If this is so, we must face overwhelming expense for new streets in the air, or elsewhere, or prevent more congestion by limiting floor area per plot.

No matter what we may do in the way of providing for the future, there still remains the serious problem of present congestion. This can be relieved in several ways:

First, we must recognize that streets are passageways created for public convenience, and are not parking spaces for idle automobiles.

Second, we may increase the usefulness of some streets by putting the elevated roads and certain surface lines underground.

Third, by providing underground crosstown moving platforms, we will lessen the proportion of people who use motor cars for local transportation.

Fourth, we may open new streets, where it is possible to do so.

Putting underground existing transit lines, and providing new ones, is a matter of cost and of deciding how operating expenses and interest charges will be paid. The latter must be paid either by the people who use them, or through public taxation which is assessed back against those who use the property. If we choose to pay these expenses through taxation, we can do so. The result, however, will be:

First, that those who live in the city will provide transit facilities for those who live in surrounding communities, and come to the city to transact business.

Second, it will so increase the taxes upon industry that it will inevitably be driven out of the city, and thus the industrial foundation upon which the city is built will be undermined. The latter effect may not be seen at once, but it is certain in the long run, and is already apparent to those familiar with the trend of industry in New York within recent years.

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It always seems a happy idea to have someone else pay the cost of an operation, and there are still a large number who appear to believe that they do not pay their share of money raised by taxation. They live in a fool's paradise for a time, but wake up in the end, when added rent and other expense descends upon them with a sickening thud. The thing to do is to recognize frankly that conditions have changed since the establishment of a five cent fare, and to permit a fare which will support a transit system the operating expenses of which will be paid for by those who use it. Once this is done, the large unproductive investment of city money in present transit will be released for other needed improvements, and new transit lines can be built to serve the public without indecent crowding.

Imagination has been so hypnotized by the slogan of a five cent fare, that it seems blind to economic considerations. In the end, economic forces will control. The longer the delay, the more unfortunate the result.

To summarize: A few of the things to be included in a plan for the future are:

First, decentralize manufacturing industry, by creating terminal centres away from the Island of Manhattan, where business can be carried on more cheaply. This must include the area in northern New Jersey, which is a part of the Metropolitan District, and the proper development of which is of importance to the City of New York. Nearly every industry in northern New Jersey maintains its executive headquarters in Manhattan, and pays tribute to New York City and its harbor.

Second, recognize that Manhattan Island should be devoted to wholesale, retail, amusement and financial business, with necessary hotels and apartments, and accommodation for freight traffic for that Island. Freight destined for other parts of the city should be routed around Manhattan Island, and not through its streets.

Third, limit the number of square feet of floor space which may be built upon any given plot in Manhattan, to prevent the increase in street congestion which must result from a continuation of our present policy.

Fourth, permit a rate of fare for transit which will make pos-

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sible the building of new underground lines to outlying parts of the Metropolitan District, and the putting underground of elevated and some surface transit lines.

Fifth, when an adequate fare has been permitted, encourage the building of a series of underground, crosstown moving platforms which will connect existing transit lines, and thus facilitate travel to the congested areas, without motor cars.

Sixth, study the possibility of opening and widening streets in the congested area.

There are many other elements to be dealt with, such as the building of new bridges, and underground vehicular tunnels, but it is impossible within the limits of a magazine article to deal with them. The important thing is to deal with fundamentals, and to head for a definite destination, and not drift. It may be advantageous to a few fortunate owners of property in the congested area to continue our present policy, but, from the standpoint of property owners as a whole, and of the city and its citizens, the adoption of a plan based upon the development of the entire city, to the end that each part will be used for its proper purpose, is essential. Such a plan is based upon simple fundamentals, and can be successful, if made to conform to economic laws.

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CONSERVATION'S DEBT TO SPORTSMEN

BY JOHN B. BURNHAM

It was the hunters and fishermen who first learned to love the charm of God's unspoiled handicraft and who, reveling in the poignancy of wild beauty, taught others the same joy. More than a hundred years before the discovery of America that good sportsman Count Gaston de Foix wrote to prove that "the life of no man that useth gentle game and disport is less displeasable unto God than the life of a perfect and skilful hunter, or from which more good cometh". He shows how the hunter is saved from the seven deadly sins, and he paints this lovely word picture of dawn to prove that "hunters live in this world more joyfully than other men". "For," says he, "when the hunter riseth in the morning and he sees a sweet and fair morn and clear weather and bright, and he heareth the song of the small birds, which sing so sweetly with great melody and full of love, each in its own language in the best wise that it can according that it learneth of its own kind. And when the sun is arisen, he shall see fresh dew upon the small twigs and grasses, and the sun by his virtue shall make them shine. And that is great joy and liking to the hunter's heart."

Read similar passages from Izaak Walton, and then pause and think of the debt we owe these men and others like them. Half the joy of life would be missing if it were not for the appreciation of nature first taught by sportsmen. Have you ever stopped to think that this love of nature is a comparatively new thing in the world, and that its conservation arrived only yesterday? The writings of the ancients show that mankind feared or hated what we now love; hunting was battle, mountains and forests were terrifying, the sea hostile, nature an enemy. Pleasure was found only in what man had wrested from nature, houses and streets and cultivated fields. The antithesis of the sportsman is typified by Browning's Italian person of quality who complains

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of the whine of the bees in the resinous firs on the hill, but grows enthusiastic over the city:

> Bang, whang, whang, goes the drum; tootle-te-tootle, the fife;
> Oh, a day in the city square, there is no such pleasure in life!

The change in man's attitude toward nature is one of the greatest of all spiritual advances, and compares with the change from Paganism to Christianity. It provides the antidote to our complex civilization, the means of preserving our mental and bodily health.

No doubt hunters learned to love the mountains and forests and seas and deserts through the chase, and conversely they learned to love the wild animals and birds and fish through their association with nature. The history of events shows that the sportsmen not only took the initiative in conservation but have developed and carried it on. I am writing to disabuse the minds of those who still hold the colonial New England view, that a sportsman is a man too lazy to work and not smart enough to steal; also that other set of good people who have the mid-Victorian idea of old Webster's dictionaries, that sportsmen are jockey or gamester types skilled in field sports; also those of a later day who class them as bloodthirsty assassins of wild life. None of these classifications will fit George Bird Grinnell, William Dutcher, George Shiras, Theodore Roosevelt, men who have worked to save wild life and wild nature in this country. While others have scoffed, sportsmen have made their designation a title of honor through unselfish devotion. Good people are confused because the term is too loosely applied. As regards the chase, no one can today be called a sportsman who has not cultivated the ethical side of the thing and developed *noblesse oblige*.

I love hunting; but I do not love it so much for the game in the game pocket as for the game in the fields and forests. I am ready always to give up shooting when the interest of wild life demands it. In this I think I represent the attitude of all true sportsmen. Without legal prohibition, the sportsmen of Massachusetts voluntarily stopped shooting grouse when the supply was threatened. The intelligent application of closed seasons

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has always been through sportsman initiative. It was so in Minnesota last year.

In unintelligent contrast, consider the taking of a game species from the game list in Ohio. Quail were made "song birds" there by legislative enactment, successfully promoted by a man entirely out of sympathy with the wonderful conservation movement of today. This man employed an accomplished cartoonist to work upon the feelings of the public with harrowing pictures of wild life persecution such as only he could draw, and he calculatingly fanned into flame the smoldering resentment of farmers against wanton trespassers on their lands. His success was achieved by arousing antagonism against sportsmen, and for what end? The sportsmen suffered and nothing gained, not even the quail, as is shown by their abundance in the neighboring State of Indiana where shooting is permitted. Only pot hunters and vermin profited.

This apostle for classifying quail improperly was the man who fifteen years ago tried to remove the protection designed to be given game birds by the original Federal migratory bird legislation. He argued that the bill was too heavily loaded, and that it could not be passed to protect both game and non-game birds, and that the game birds should be sacrificed. The crying conservation need in this instance was protection for the game birds and not the others. Thanks to the Audubon Association, the safety of others had already been assured. But the migratory game birds were on the verge of extinction. Many persons in 1912 believed they were doomed.

The great wintering State of Texas had no closed season, and many of the other States along the more important migration routes permitted ducks to be killed at all times when they were present. Market shooting was in full swing without bag limit restrictions. The sportsmen had lovingly included all other birds in their programme, but this man was willing on a mere question of mistaken policy to sacrifice the valuable game species to the ogre of commercialism, the Moloch which has swallowed up so much of the world's wild life! Fortunately for the birds his plan did not succeed.

There is still a conflict of opinion between those who stand for

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the prohibitive system of saving game by constantly cutting bag limits and shortening shooting seasons to the vanishing point, and those who go about conserving and building up the supply by constructive methods; but the conflict has largely narrowed down to a matter of scolding on the part of the former. The critics assert that we have wasted our heritage to such an extent that to save the remnants we must pile the prohibitions of Pelion on Ossa.

The *verboten* system has been with us since the first settlers set foot on our shores. Colonial game laws naturally were patterned after those of the Old World, and particularly after the England of hereditary privilege, the England which taught the ordinary folk to say, "God bless the squire and his relations, and make us know our proper stations," and which hanged the man found hunting on land which did not belong to him. The game saviors of that day framed these laws with considerable severity. They were determined to save the game willy-nilly, by restrictions. It was under this type of law that practically all of our game disappeared. Something was wrong with the system, but for nearly two hundred years nobody could find out why with perfectly constructed statutes the game continued passing over the brink. An uninspired Jeremiah in Philadelphia a hundred years ago sounded the warning to save the remnants. In a way strangely reminiscent of a more modern school, he demanded additional prohibitions, and he lambasted Tom, Dick and Harry for not observing their proper stations.

Thirty years later another equally hopeless prophet arose, but this man had sufficient vision to see part way into the fog. He realized what others had not grasped, that the union of monarchial laws with an anti-monarchial sentiment made an impossible marriage, and that in America drastic prohibitions never could be as effective as in England. The American says, "To hell with the squire and his relations!" The thing that Frank Forester failed to envision was the possibility of a new system adapted to a country of equality. And so from a fullness of experience never excelled, he predicted the complete extermination of American game in from ten to forty years, depending upon the variety.

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Another twenty years passed before, something more than fifty years ago, we began the foundations of our present system. The development came without fanfare of trumpets, and the men who brought it about had no genius for self advertisement. Instead of fulminating, they went to the root of the matter and set about Americanizing the misfit plan. In England the incentive for conservation came from the value of game to the land owner as personal property, and the land owner naturally saw to it that the laws made for his benefit were enforced. Here there was no corresponding incentive. But clear headed sportsmen showed that with game as the common property of all the people, it was the individual's obligation to preserve the asset. It was upon this basis of personal obligation that the problem was solved. Otherwise the predictions of game extermination would long ago have been realized.

The first and for a time the only game protective association in America was the New York Association for the Protection of Game. This organization had on its roll the most intelligent of the New York gunners, including some very able lawyers. Its name is written large in the history of conservation, because the little group which directed its energies combined action with vision. They originated much of our basic game laws and secured fundamental decisions of the higher courts establishing the laws. But first they set in motion a campaign for law enforcement through an educational barrage to show their fellow sportsmen that it was their job and no one's else to save the game. They showed that sport was committing suicide, that when a man shot out of season he was taking another's share of the game owned in common. They insisted that the hunter must first observe the law himself, and then see to it that others followed suit.

The doctrine was rudimentary but new. No one had before felt personal responsibility to save game. The idea spread like wildfire. In 1874 there was only one game protective association. By the end of the next year there were one hundred, including ten or twelve State organizations. A way had been found. Optimism took the place of pessimism, and the doom of the game was averted.

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For a time these sportsmen's organizations contented themselves with law enforcement. They carried on campaigns of education, and employed game wardens at their own expense, for no public funds were then available. There were no heroics in the movement, but it was practical, and it produced results. Essentially it was democratic. The big thing which only a few realized was that the fiery enthusiasm aroused for game law enforcement was bound to bear fruit in other directions. One product was something entirely new in the world's history; though not then having a name, that which is now known as Conservation was born. The New York Association evolved as its motto, "*Non nobis solum*", which to them meant that wild life was to be protected not only for the benefit of men of present and future generations, but for its own sake as well. It was the first expression of an obligation of guardianship of the wild creatures by man. It has become a principle recognized by all sportsmen.

Conservation was not only born of sportsmen but owes to them much of its subsequent development. They stopped the commercialism of game, and enforced moderation through bag limits. They shackled themselves and their fellows for the benefit of the wild life. They started the game commissions of the various States. They deprived themselves of shooting grounds to establish sanctuaries. They gave their best energies that there might be national parks. It was one of their number who brought conservation in its fullest development to the conscience of all mankind, Theodore Roosevelt.

We are now in the constructive era. We have learned the fundamentals of game administration, and we know how to put our experience to practical use. As a result in some of the older States there is more game than when our fathers hunted. Under prohibitions the deer of Vermont were annihilated shortly after the Civil War. Constructive administration brought that State back as one of our greatest deer areas. In Pennsylvania, shot out under the prohibitive system, a constructive policy has restored game until its estimated commercial value on the hoof, large and small, exceeds the total of all their domestic live stock, cattle, sheep, hogs, horses and poultry. While in-

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dividual bags are much smaller, there are more game animals and birds in the territory which Frank Forester hunted eighty years ago than when he passed away. No American game species has disappeared since his time, and none will now become extinct. Where we have failed, aside from destruction of habitat, the fault can be found in disregard of well known conservation principles.

I have been quoted as saying that wild game is more plentiful in the United States today than ever before. I never made the statement, and it is of course untrue. The best of the game land has been taken for farming and industrial uses, and the game has been driven to areas which are incapable of producing the maximum of food, and therefore we can never again have the primitive abundance. But just as Vermont and Pennsylvania have increased their supplies over those of fifty years ago, it is evident that with the same intelligent effort other States can build up their stocks. It is a much more serious problem to secure the land on which to hunt, and it will constantly be more difficult for the average man to get away from trespass signs. But the science of game preservation is so thoroughly founded that from the standpoint of shooting it is merely a question of how much we want and, sad to say, what we are willing to pay for it by hunters' license fees or otherwise. In this country of more than one hundred millions of population we can no longer rely for our game solely upon the bounty of nature. The *verboten* system is a sucked orange. All its good has been extracted. It is now realized that game protection is a "do", not a "don't".

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SLEEPY PRINCES

BY CLIFFORD BAX

EVERYBODY has felt, at one time or another, that there are too many people in the world, and it is probable, therefore, that each of us has been counted among the superfluous by somebody; but a little reflection upon the advantages of sharing a planet ought not only to make us regard each other with more tolerance but also to inspire us with a pride in our ancestry that should far surpass the proverbial pride of the Vere de Veres. Moreover, to consider our dependence upon other men, the dead not less than the living, is to humble our complacent egotism. "We are all born princes," said Emerson; and in order that we may realize the luckiness of our birth let us follow the course of an ordinary day in the life of a leisured man.

Each morning, when he gets out of bed, he ought first to salute the memory of all those generations of which he is, no doubt, the fine flower. Instead of doing so, his fingers fly to his chin and he prepares, with resignation, to shave himself. Now, once in New Guinea I watched an islander shaving a fellow-islander with a piece of a broken bottle. Our hero, not breaking a bottle of Chambertin or Apollinaris (according to his geographical station), proceeds with dull soul to manipulate a knife of consummate sharpness. But what a history his razor must have! Who was the valiant first man to scrape his own face with a tool so alarming? Or was it some enterprising tyrant, in the Early Bronze Age, who made the hazardous experiment upon a foreign captive or a condemned malefactor? And if so, ought we not to honor those unrecorded martyrs of the razor?

Next, being duly perfect about the chin, how indifferently our exemplar steps into the bath, his mind encrusted by the disappointments of yesterday and the anxieties of to-day! He is like the Poor Little Rich Girl, in a sentimental play, who has had so many gifts that nothing can any longer delight her: for he ought

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to be realizing that a modern bath (with h. and c., as they say) is an astonishing product. What centuries of mathematical and engineering toil have enabled him thus, at any moment, to evoke, as if by enchantment, an artificial pool near the top of a high building and in the midst of a city that stands, maybe, at no short distance from the nearest river or waterfall! Clearly, he is an ingrate; clearly, he should rejoice that he may cleanse himself without either trudging several miles or wallowing, like a sparrow, in the puddles of the next shower. And after his bath? The sour fellow walks downstairs and, if he is lucky, finds his breakfast laid out on a table. Does he pause before it, reverently? Does he regard that boiled egg as the coping-stone of immense endeavor, as a triumphant flourish of civilization? Who domesticated the common or garden fowl? Not he, but some of his remotest ancestors. Who reared the hen that laid this particular egg; and did not her owner build a coop for her and feed her daily with yellow grain? And somebody else, too,—possibly many miles away,—tended the earth that grew the grain that nourished the hen that laid the egg upon which the born prince is about to breakfast. Or tell me, does he stay for even an instant, as he tips a few particles of salt upon the discrowned egg, to think that if he stood unassisted in this world he might be hard-pressed to lay hand upon any salt at all? And when he lifts the spoon, does he wonder what sort of inelegant object he would be fingering were it not that he is one among a multitude of similar creatures? He approaches and eats that breakfast with no recognition of the fact that he is handling priceless heirlooms, and he turns to his newspaper as though he had some divine right to a ready-made world.

His newspaper, indeed! How casually he reads it, how wantonly he doubles the page in order that it shall not dip into the marmalade or the coffee! Should he not marvel that carriers, engine-drivers, editors, telegraphists, reporters, printers, paper-manufacturers and pulp-collectors have all collaborated to start his day by telling him a number of exciting stories? More,—should he not exult in his ability to read those stories: remembering that only a few generations ago the man who could read was looked upon as first cousin to the magician? He has clean for-

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gotten that in the Egypt of Akhenaton an ability to read was as rare as the power of flying is in the United States today.

Observe our unworthy princeling an hour or two later. There—in a room which he quaintly calls a "study"—he sits in an armchair that is so cunningly made out of wood, wire, padding and leather that in five years, or even fifty, he could not have achieved it. His debt for comfort stretches back to the pioneer carpenters of earliest Egypt. And if he is an American he accepts, too, with no question of his worthiness, the benefit of that central heating which extends to him the pampered existence of a conservatory flower. If he is an Englishman—no better! He gives to the gay fire before him a mere perfunctory and unintelligent glance, partly because he is one of those who, as Shelley observed, "scarcely know how wonderful fire is," and partly because his torpid imagination does not instantly throng with pictures of the forests from which the firewood came, of the mines from which the coal was hacked, or of those days in the history of his race when a tame and domesticated fire was the most precious of goods, being indeed not merely a nine-days' wonder, as wireless was, but a wonder that lasted for long ages. Ignoring the convenience of visiting a world after countless generations of experiment, he takes up pencil and notebook, and proceeds to scribble the prices at which his investments stand. But this procedure would have caused the Neanderthal Man to "stare and gasp". The notebook may have cost no more than twenty-five cents, but if an Assyrian high-priest had seen it he would have marvelled at its delicacy and compactness. And that fine rod of lead, protected and held fast by its painted wooden sheath—why, certainly a pencil would have stirred even Plato or Cicero to admiration and envy.

Again, after luncheon,—a meal not made from raw gobbets of a mammoth and to which he sits down unexhausted by any arduous chase,—how gratified should this dreary fellow be that he may walk into a park instead of a trackless jungle! There, among nursemaids, perambulators and cheerful dogs, how crassly he lets his mind turn in little circles of calculation when, were it not for the labor of his ancestors, he would perforce be listening for lions and peering about for serpents. Or dare you defend his

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loutishness, dare you maintain that he is worthy to be alive, when, having crossed the park and having entered a picture-gallery, he is not merely bored but half proud of being bored? Particles of mineral and vegetable substances have been placed together upon sheets of canvas or slices of wood for the purpose of pleasing him; and if the gallery is a good one, he is looking upon certain lovely arrangements of these materials which only one man, of all who have ever lived, could devise. The fellow's a boor. Nothing less than the destruction of the world could crack the tough nutshell of his egotism.

Assuredly, nothing less: for how would he fare, were it not for other men, when he goes up to dress for dinner? Does he seriously suppose that, left to himself, he would ever have learned to make portable lightning? Left to himself, he would still be a Caliban, and would probably have no choice but to go to bed at sundown: nor will he ever relish the finest flavor of living until, whenever he defies the sun by pressing a switch, he reviews the long history of the sudden and obedient light that surrounds him; seeing, in his mind's eye, the gas-jets of the Victorian epoch, the oil-lamps which illuminate ten thousand years of our past, and the firelight by which men muttered in prehistoric ages.

And being dressed, how like a senseless automaton he takes a seat in a taxicab! Custom has so caked him that he spares not a wondering thought for the fact that the box in which he is now stowed, like a parcel, moves forward by itself; and yet who is he that he should take for granted a means of motion that would have astounded George Washington? At least he might be thankful for the decency with which the inventors of motor transport concealed from him the ignominious truth that he is being projected from one place to another by a series of explosions, for all the world as though he and the taxicab combined to make an ingenious and comical firework. We may confidently assume, too, that he omits to reflect that it was the Pilgrim Fathers, or maybe the ancient Romans, who took the trouble of making the road upon which he travels, and who bequeathed it to him. Nor does he observe with the slightest tremor of awe those remarkable objects to the left and the right. Show him a honeycomb and he may, for a moment, respect the industry and

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precision of the bee; but only the comments of a bee could break up the apathy with which he looks at the intricate hives of brick and steel which his own race has erected.

To observe him further could but increase our disgust. Think of him at the restaurant, gulping nectar and gobbling ambrosia, like a hog let loose at a banquet upon Olympus. Think of him at the play, staring and listening with atrophied eyes and ears as those complex patterns of form and sound proceed; not thinking backward along the ages until he should remember those humble progenitors who, in order to save their lives, mysteriously managed to project the first eyes and the first ears, of which his own are remote descendants. How could we stomach our contempt for the creature as at midnight he hoists himself into bed? What right has he to a bed, to that sturdy framework, to the mattress, to the smooth-wrought linen, to the blankets that once contentedly nibbled grass? Here indeed is a target for the Communist; here indeed is unearned increment. His egotism has kept him so stupid that he might just as well never have visited this world. Will he some day acknowledge that every minute of his complicated life is a climax of all human history?

And yet as we close or slam the door upon him, we shall perhaps admit that we also live half-awake and no better. A man who had been in the thick of the Great War described to me once the rapture which he sometimes felt, at that time, when he put his finger upon a stone or a piece of wood. That man was brimmingly alive. By comparison with the frenzied antics of a broker in Wall Street, he might have seemed to be doing nothing; but he was a thousand times the more living man. The continual likelihood of an abrupt death shocked him into realizing the mystery of being alive. Most of us quite forget it, and never wake up to the oddness of seeing light, breathing an atmosphere, and being present at a few scenes of the earth's history. Because we are all, in some measure, somnambulists, we see many things out of focus and the residue not at all. What a sensation would follow the announcement, were it possible, that somebody had discovered a gramophone record of Shakespeare's voice! But every day, if we wish, we may discover something which is much more intimately Shakespearean. The plays and poems are his

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voice talking to us from the age of Elizabeth and James. Print and wax are alternative methods of recording the voice of a man: and excellence in writing is largely a matter of making "a good record". We have lost some great experiences by becoming, like a middle-aged person, unsurprisable, and by so quickly growing used to everything. Our benighted ancestors lived their whole lives, it seems, without growing used to the sun above them. That blazing disc in the upper air surprised them so much that they actually celebrated the experience with hymns and dances. If it does not surprise us, the cause may not be that we are in all ways less benighted than they but that, as spiritual beings, we are very nearly asleep.

I rejoice in stretching my imagination, and as an aid to the exercise I like to read books on astronomy. At first, when I read about the moon, I feel that I am making an immense journey. When the author invites me to consider the planets, I begin to feel that the moon, after all, is only a stone's-throw away: but when he has made me attempt to think of the inconceivable distances and incalculable antiquity of the stars, I recognize that the planets are simply my next-door neighbors. And how admirably a nodding acquaintance with astronomy shortens the prospect of human history! Read about a sun whose rays do not reach us for a thousand years, and you will feel that Dr. Johnson has only just gone from the room and that you have missed meeting Julius Cæsar by no more than a hairbreadth of time. And when at length you lay down your book, the newspaper in the chair beside you no longer looks familiar. The swindles, murders and international bickerings of which it prattles do not now seem perfectly natural. They seem, on the contrary, most queer. In fancy you have, for a little while, impersonated the earth as it moves, beautifully suspended, among the august company that lights up the blackness of space, and you cannot perceive without astonishment the blindness with which our own little company accepts the surrounding world. No matter how thoroughly we waste it, how dully we glance at its contrivances, it will be a marvellous world to leave: and perhaps to remember.

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THE SOUTHERN TRADITION

BY BENJAMIN BRAWLEY

THE little triangle on the map known as South Carolina represents a portion of our country whose influence has been incalculable. If one will draw a line from Augusta, Ga., through Columbia, to Cheraw, near the North Carolina boundary, he will find that this very nearly divides the State in two. Below this line are Charleston and Beaufort—the Old South; above it are Spartanburg and Greenville, representative of the New. For the moment the Old South is the more important.

In Charleston even today one spends half the time in a dream. He strolls along the Battery on a summer night. Majestic residences, with wide verandas at the side, stand silent in the darkness, and the scent of jessamine is in the air. Beyond the seawall the waves ripple with an Old World meaning, and the stars beat passionately. This is a city the like of which never was before, nor can it ever be again. With disdain it views all boasted progress. For five hundred and eighty-six days, in the War between the States, it bore shot and shell, and still endured. Storm and cyclone have beaten upon it; earthquake has shaken it; and still St. Michael's spire points heavenward. An old woman with silken hair, in lavender and old lace, opening a book at a pressed rose—that is Charleston.

Such a city in the elder day was well fitted to be the spiritual capital of the Commonwealth. From the very first South Carolina was resolved upon one thing, and that was to have her way in the affairs of the nation. Until she was satisfied, there could be no Constitution; and if a compromise was to be made, she must have the best of the bargain. For a generation she deferred to her sister Virginia; but there could be no question about her leadership after cotton became king. When fears of slave uprisings became rife, she ordered that free Negroes who came to her harbors be put in jail, and she kept them there, the

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Government of England and the United States of America to the contrary notwithstanding. If a tariff law displeased her, she would nullify it. Others might talk about Secession, but she would secede. Calhoun and Hayne became spokesmen, not only for their own State but for the South.

Of these two men, Calhoun was the older, the more logical, and, all things considered, the more able. At the same time Hayne possessed a brilliancy and a magnetism such as Calhoun never commanded. His wider fame was largely due to an accident. In 1822 the West Indian Negro, Denmark Vesey, planned an insurrection that contemplated nothing less than the annihilation of the white population of Charleston. By his vigorous prosecution of all who were concerned in the plot, Hayne won popular favor, and the next year passed on to the United States Senate. Together he and Calhoun defended the aristocratic social system which cotton had at last forced upon the South. Slavery became a peculiar heritage; it was a divinely ordained institution; and the South was justified by the Constitution of the United States. To this position every politician, every educator, and even every minister of the gospel, was forced to subscribe. Dew, President of William and Mary, asserted that in general slavery had made for the civilization of the world; Richard Furman, President of the Baptist Convention of South Carolina, held that the holding of slaves was "justifiable by the doctrine and example contained in Holy Writ, and consistent with Christian uprightness both in sentiment and conduct;" while Benjamin M. Palmer, of New Orleans, most eloquent of Presbyterian divines, maintained that the South in guarding slavery was not only the conserver of the world's industry, but also the defender of the cause of religion.

How one who thought otherwise fared was shown by the career of Moncure D. Conway. This man, a scion of two of the most prominent families of Virginia, in the early years of his manhood found himself at variance with his section on two great issues; he could not assent to the bigotry that passed for religion, and he could not accept slavery. When he was not more than eighteen years of age he was actively interested in the cause of free schools in his State, and later he agreed with Horace Greeley that Vir-

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ginia's white children would never be properly schooled until her black children ceased to be sold. Studying at Harvard and becoming acquainted with Emerson, he became a Unitarian; and he spent several years as a minister in London. Not satisfied simply to oppose slavery, he helped to emancipate the slaves in his own family and to get them settled in new homes in Ohio. A truly enlightened spirit, he numbered among his friends Whittier and Phillips, Newman and Mill, Mazzini and Gladstone, Carlyle and Browning; but it is significant that he could not work at home in the South.

Such a man was of course the exception; but even in South Carolina there were those who longed for more touch with the real trend of the century. Before Hayne passed off the scene he planned a railroad to extend from Charleston to Cincinnati. Unfortunately he intended to rear machinery and skilled labor upon the foundation of human bondage. Even he could not discern that forces so opposed could not exist together. White men of limited means, finding it impossible to make headway in the existing system, moved away by hundreds to the West. In 1860 fully forty per cent. of those who had been born in South Carolina were living in other States. Hardly any other Commonwealth in the country can equal the record of this one as a feeder of other States—or, we might say, in its lack of ability to hold its men; and what was true before the Civil War of the poor white man has in more recent years been true of the Negro of energy and ambition.

But while South Carolina might lose her men, she spread abroad her ideas; and even some of those who were forced to leave the great mother were not convinced that her theory was wrong. In the decades just before the war there arose a group of "fire-eaters" passionately devoted to all that the South held dear. Temporarily eclipsed by the Compromise of 1850, these men returned to prominence with a tremendous rebound when war became inevitable. Erratic and frequently reckless, Robert Toombs, of Georgia, was nevertheless the master of a turgid eloquence that sometimes swept all before it. Robert B. Rhett, one of the oldest apostles of secession, edited in Charleston *The Mercury*. The ablest of the group, however, was William L.

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Yancey, of Alabama, who by a powerful speech at the Democratic convention in Charleston in 1860 drove in the wedge that was to do naught less than split the Union.

The Confederacy that resulted was doomed from its birth. It was founded on a fallacy, and denied the fundamental principle that made its own life possible. A central government either had authority to enforce its decrees or it had not. If it had authority, then the North was right in its position. If it had not authority, such a government was useless. It developed that the Confederacy had not the necessary authority. Criticism that otherwise might have been directed against Washington now turned against Richmond. Before the war was over there was personal or official resistance in South Carolina and Georgia; Congress voted that physicians might grant furloughs to those who felt that camp life did not agree with them; a draft law was annulled in North Carolina and Georgia; and North Carolina even objected to a railroad for the forty miles between Greensboro and Danville. Mountaineers in Virginia and Tennessee who did not join the Union army were frequently defiant; corps commanders very often did as they pleased; and, to cap the climax, the Vice-President led a movement to impeach the President.

In all of this the theory of the Old South was manifest. The Southern tradition cultivated honor, but it did not cultivate discipline, without which there could be no coöperation on a large scale. But, whatever might be its mistakes in economics, and whatever might be the inadequacy of the support of the central government, there was one point on which the South was clear, and that was its determination to maintain its social system. As this was based on slavery, slavery became the cornerstone of the Confederacy. One might have supposed accordingly that slaveowners would get out and fight. From the very first, however, it was provided that planters who owned as many as twenty slaves should be exempted, and not only themselves but their overseers as well. The most hearty support of the war came from the small slaveholders, men who were just rising in the world and who had most to gain; much of the burden was thrown on the poor white man, who was to benefit hardly less than the Negro by the overthrow of slavery; and, strange as it

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may seem, before the conflict was over, both Davis and Lee recommended the enlistment and training of black men under the Stars and Bars.

When all was over, Robert E. Lee—leader in peace as in war—retired to Lexington, and in education pointed the way out of the darkness. His magnanimity inspired everybody, and about his unselfishness there could be no question; but in all larger thought that bore upon the concrete problem in hand, he was at least a generation ahead of his section. Passion and violence were yet to have their day.

No voice really new arose in the South until in 1886 a young journalist addressed the New England Club in New York. The speech which Henry W. Grady delivered on this occasion was one of the most powerful of modern times. He asked his hearers to bring their full faith in American fairness and frankness to judgment upon what he had to say; he looked to the future, and he spoke with consideration of the Negro. Said he, finally: "To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as the law can carry the Negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It must be left to those with whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence." This skillful statement of the Southern position was readily accepted by the North, even though lynching and peonage abounded. Grady himself would certainly not have sanctioned injustice for any human being; but his speech was interpreted by the South as not at all inconsistent with the radical programme that was about to be put into effect.

Just what that programme was became evident in 1890, when Benjamin R. Tillman led the popular forces to victory in South Carolina, defeating the Conservative Democrats. In this year also Mississippi so amended her constitution as to make for the practical disfranchisement of the Negro. Within the next twenty years prejudice and passion were capitalized as never before, and one politician after another rode into power on the wings of racial hatred.

Already, however, there was the dawn of a tomorrow. Daniel A. Tompkins at Charlotte gave a new vision of industrial power;

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J. L. M. Curry worked in philanthropy and education; and the missionary colleges founded by Northern agencies justified themselves by the spirit of their graduates. Meanwhile Booker T. Washington gave to his people a new conception of thrift, business, and practical education. In Montgomery in 1900 there was a conference in which Southern men as never before undertook to study their problems. William A. McCorkle, recently Governor of West Virginia, asserted that the right of franchise was the vital and underlying principle of the life of the people of the United States, and that the remedy for conditions was "an honest and inflexible educational and property basis, administered fairly for black and white." Within recent years this has in an increasing measure become the point of view of forward-looking men in the South. More and more there is a conviction that, after all, disfranchisement was but a temporary expedient, and that the highest welfare of the South and of the country as a whole depends upon the training of *all* men in a conception of the duties of citizenship. It has been shown again and again that the disqualification of Negro men results indirectly in the failure of tens of thousands of white men to exercise the right of franchise; also that the vote of one man in South Carolina is under present conditions as potent as the vote of eight or ten men in Kansas and New York; and true patriots are realizing that such a situation hurts not only the Negro but the country at large. Meanwhile the great crime of lynching has shown notable decrease, from 255 known cases in 1892 to 16 in 1924.

In recent years there has not been a sphere of life or activity that has not felt the quickening impulse. In public affairs there has been in North Carolina the enlightened statesmanship of Governors Aycock, Bickett, and McLean, while in Georgia there has been Hugh M. Dorsey. In education we have had the vision of J. H. Dillard; and the Rosenwald schools, planned to cultivate self help on the part of rural Negroes, have already passed the 4,000 mark. In literature Thomas Nelson Page and Thomas Dixon have been superseded by Paul Green and DuBose Heyward; and the press of the University of North Carolina has issued a notable series of publications bearing on racial problems. Nor can the effort of Southern women for social betterment pass

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unremarked. Elizabeth McCracken tells the story of one who had lost both her home and her husband in the Civil War, and who years afterward was inquiring about facilities for Negroes in public libraries in the North in order to see what was best for her own community. "But do the Negroes want books?" she was asked. "No," she said frankly, "they don't; but they *ought* to want them. The only thing to do is to educate them to want them. The only thing to do with the Negroes, anyway, is to educate them. It's their only chance, and it's our only hope."

Within very recent years also there has been developing, on the part of young white men in the South, a scientific approach to social problems that is not less than amazing. Because of Phelps Stokes fellowships, courses in Sociology and Education, and Y. M. C. A. or Mission Study classes, scores of men have come forth from Southern colleges with a new conception of the Negro and his needs. It is to them that the challenge comes. It is they who must now answer the question, Just what is justice for the Negro? For decades the politician dominated Southern life, and thirty years ago this man was frequently a demagogue. After all, however, the politician depends upon the popular will, and he says what will be pleasing to his constituency. The ultimate burden is upon those leaders who go in and out among the people—the teachers, the ministers, the lawyers, the doctors, and the business men. The work to be done has only begun; but, with the enlightened spirit that is now abroad, there is reason to hope that the South will be increasingly democratic, spurred onward by the highest ideals of patriotism and good citizenship.

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THE INVADING GOTH OF LITERATURE

BY WILLIAM NORWOOD BRIGANCE

SOONER or later it was inevitable.

We have efficiency experts in industry; we have them in government. We have them in the trades; we have them in the professions. We have them in our schools; we have them in our churches. It was inevitable, sooner or later, that they should invade the fields of literature. It was equally inevitable that, arriving there, they should, as Goths in the Imperial City of Rome, find small merit in the tapestries of art which for centuries have been treasures of the literary world.

Verily, as the invading Goth of Literature comes the Efficiency Expert in Language. Raucously he laughs at those finer textures in the fabric of literature which have been variously called weave and warmth, color and beauty, shading and subtlety. He is scornful, even, of those coarser textures of language, pedagogically known as clearness, force and ease. Brevity is his shibboleth. Brevity. Brevity only. "These old writing fellows," he exclaims, "were ridiculous word wasters! But wasted words mean wasted time! And Time is Money!" And money, it seems, is everything.

It is no mere ordinary boiling down that the Efficiency Expert demands. It is a super-boiling, to use an adjective in high favor with his clan. Nor does he stop at the uttermost limits of grammatical condensation. What cares the E. E. for grammar? It is to laugh. Key words alone are needed. All others are unnecessary. As with the scripturally offending right eye, they are to be plucked out and cast from us. To illustrate, no longer would the Efficiency Expert in Language have us open a conversation with that convenient and classic bromide:

"This is nice weather we are having, is it not?"

Too many words, he growls, and our friendly inquiry is cut to:

"Weather nice, eh?"

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Seven words are saved, or seventy per cent. of the total. And words, remember, mean time, and time means money. Again, the word squanderer of the past might have written:

It was evening. The tropical moon filtered through the green verdage, casting speckled shadows upon the jungle floor. It was a perfect camouflage for the spotted cat crouched in the shadows, awaiting the approach of the unsuspecting prey.

But the Efficiency Expert in Language lets out a roar of disgust. Twenty-six wasted words! He slashes the copy and we have this:

Evening. Tropics. Moon shines through leaves. Speckled shadows hide tiger awaiting prey.

Thus is made a word saving of eighty-three and eight-ninths per cent.

Ah well! We who loved the old weave and warmth, color and beauty, shading and subtlety of language as it once came from the touch of a Master, may sigh that it was in our generation when the Goths broke over the Alps and invaded the literary plains of Italy—but we bow to the yoke. Some of us, with a tortured smile, may even manage to join the Gothic ranks, since by so doing we might make the yoke easier for our weaker brethren and our children. We turn to rewriting a few of our beloved Old Masters, that they may not be wholly lost in the Literary Dark Ages which are to follow. We naturally start with Shakespeare and modestly offer herewith the revised version from the court room scene in *The Merchant of Venice:*

Portia (to *Shylock*):— Tarry. Bond gives no blood. Pound flesh only. Cut pound. But if shed one drop blood, Venetian law confiscates lands-goods.
Shylock:— So?
Portia:— See act. Thou urgest justice. Thou gettest justice.
Shylock:— Christian keep flesh. Take ducats.
Bassanio:— Ducats here.
Portia:— Hold. Jew gets flesh only. But dies if sheds blood or cuts pound not exact.

After reading this, even the worst enemy of the Efficiency Expert in Language relents. He pardons something to Brevity. Such a *Merchant of Venice* could be run off in twenty minutes!

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Longfellow by this standard, of course, was insufferably verbose. But since it would be unfair to deprive our children, through no fault of theirs, of such otherwise delightful reading, the words of this children's poet offer a magnificent opportunity to some enterprising Efficiency Expert in Language, working, let us say, for his doctorate in Efficient English. Here is a sample of how the trick can be done:

Shot arrow in air,
Fell, knew not where;
Faster than sight
Followed in flight.

It will be readily seen that, when all of Longfellow's works are so compressed, every child can read two poems where only one was read before.

Rudyard Kipling offers a problem apart, for I am told upon high authority that he sells his poetry by the word and that the price of every word comes high. Quite reasonably Mr. Kipling will resent the attempt of Efficiency Experts in Language to throw away any of his high priced words. But perhaps he can insist upon being paid for the verbose version. Anyhow that is Mr. Kipling's problem. Here we cannot officially recognize it. The reader will recognize below the fourth stanza of the *Recessional* from which seventeen words, or 40.5 per cent., have been saved:

If drunken power makes loose
Wild tongues without Godly awe—
Boasts like Gentiles use,
Or others outside Law—
Stay God yet,
Lest we forget.

Of course this still has a few surplus words slopping over, left there to preserve the rhyme. But if, in this new age, blank verse should wholly supplant this uselessly verbose poetry of rhyme, another six words might easily be cut from this stanza, or even more.

But this great principle of Efficiency in Language has much closer, and more practical, applications. Indeed it may prove in two directions a new era in social progress, a veritable boon to mankind. I refer to the relief that will be afforded from the

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verbose, leather lunged political orator and to the profound advantages opened to users of the long distance telephone. Verily when the Efficiency Expert in Language comes to his own, never again must a bored audience suffer, as in the past, over a peroration of this species:

A-a-a-h-h, my fellow countrymen, ours is a glorious land, abounding in opportunity and flowing in milk and honey. The American eagle is the symbol of our high achievement. The gr-e-a-t dome of our national capitol is reared upon the altar of a democratic government. The Statue of Liberty is the *Magna Charta* of a f-r-e-e people. The wind-tossed S-t-a-r-s and Stripes are the color bearers of our spotless character—the red for bravery, the blue for sincerity, and the white for purity. May we, by supporting this, our glorious party, give these insignia of our fathers into the hands of our children as unsullied as they were given into ours.

Blessed relief would be afforded by a curtailment to something after this fashion:

Countrymen, ours glorious land—opportunity, milk, honey, American eagle, symbol of achievement. Capitol dome, altar of democracy. Statue of Liberty, *Magna Charta* of freedom. Flag, color bearer of character. Keep unsullied. Support party.

Already we have been saved from seventy and three-elevenths per cent. of the words. More cannot be asked, even by the Efficiency Expert in Language, from any leather lunged political aspirant. But the reporting newspaper can easily shrink it another twenty-seven per cent. flat, and, after announcing that the Honorable Candidate Leather Lunger addressed the citizens of the city, report the speech as follows:

Content, political hokum.

Thus is the speech cut to two and eight-elevenths per cent. and readers of the morning paper are allowed to dispose of coffee and toast still warm! But only with the long distance telephone will the potentialities of this new era be attained. Business conversations of this new era we shall quickly pass over, since the efficient age in business is already upon us. The machine gun staccato of the business man's written language is so well known that it requires no imaginative stretch whatever to hear a high voltage conversation of this amplitude flashed across the wires:

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Bennett speaking—Bennett-Bennett Wholesale. Regarding order tenth instant change to twelve gross cans high grade peas, eight ounce.

And back snaps the answer:

Change noted.

The receivers click. A hundred words are saved.

But it is another class of persons to be most benefitted. I once knew a near-penniless but ardent young suitor who spent $16.35 of borrowed money to listen for a few minutes by telephone to the voice of the one girl in all the world, separated from him by half a continent. To this tribe will the Efficiency Expert in Language become the patron saint of courtship. Telephone companies will doubtless offer half-minute express service at proportionately reduced rates. Then, in this new age, when any young suitor feels that anguished urge to hear the voice of the one girl in all the world, to whisper the eternal question which is to make his future either a dismal abyss or a glorious light "that shineth more and more unto the perfect day," at such a time he need neither trust his emotions to the cold and lifeless written page nor yet squander his borrowed substance in a prolonged, old-fashioned telephone call. The half-minute express service and the Efficiency Method in Language are at his service. Trained to skip that useless preliminary known as small talk, he can jump at once to the heart-burning issue. Over the telephone wires will go a message after this fashion:

Mary, love you forever. Marry me—conquer world. Refuse—die broken heart. Answer quick.

And back will come this soft spoken, and we doubt not, blushing answer:

S-S-Sudden, but love you too. Go conquer world.

Thus not only are two lives made happy, but the case for the Efficiency Expert in Language is given irrefutable proof. Waste of words is waste of time. And Time is Money. A $16.75 telephone bill is cut to $2.15!

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LIGHT FROM THE WEST

BY DR. ALBERT MORAWSKI-NAWENCH

I

THE revolutionary propaganda conducted among American labor organizations by means of funds coming from Europe, a propaganda of which we now possess ample proofs, presents a problem reaching far beyond the boundaries of organized labor, and involving principles of national importance.

The ills of humanity have been treated for centuries by the prescription of a panacea which may be summed up in the words *ex Oriente lux*, and which is composed chiefly of mystic and sentimental ingredients. As far as may be judged by the present condition of the world, the cure has proved a failure. It seems therefore advisable to look for remedies in another direction. For the treatment applied heretofore a natural one should be substituted, one which we may call "light from the Occident." It is a bold prescription, but it fits well the people who have introduced it into their own social therapeutics: the Americans.

Yet it appears to me that in defining the basic differences between American and European social and political evolutions, we do not always perceive with enough clarity, or, at least, lay enough stress upon, what constitutes that difference. European evolution runs in the direction of class differentiation. American evolution tends toward the abolishing of class differences, toward the raising of the lower social strata to a higher, common level—if I may be permitted to coin a word—toward the "bourgeoisizing" of the workingman.

Both are the results of natural, historical policies hardly needing any explanation. To recapitulate the phases of Europe's evolution through feudalism, capitalism and the era of nationalism, and to dwell upon our own national and social development upon our background of individual efforts, of equal chances for

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all, of the strenuous life of the great pioneers—would be repeating truisms.

At the bottom of those two evolutions lie two diverging conceptions of national life, which, in turn, are the products of historic events and geographic conditions.

While the nations of Europe strive to maintain or aggrandize themselves, America has eliminated both those endeavors. There is with us no thought of aggrandizement, and the maintenance of the nation does not come into consideration for the very reason that it is not questioned from within or jeopardized from without. Hence two diverging conceptions of progress.

The Old World's idea of progress is not uniform. Each nation, each class of each nation, possesses its own views on that subject. There is national progress depending upon the development of political, military and economic power. There is class progress understood as the acquiring by one class of political influences and special privileges to the detriment of other classes. There is the individual idea of progress, a very sophisticated one, based upon intellectual or artistic education and refinement.

America's conception of progress is a standard conception: the steady rising of the ethical and cultural level as well as of the material prosperity of all classes of the nation as a whole. Displeased as we may be with the criticism of our standardizing proclivities on the part of the European *intelligentzia*, this standard conception of ours is one of which we can justly be proud. Its value is based not only upon social honesty but also upon a lofty idea of democracy and far-reaching vision. It is further enhanced by the fact that it does not imply either self complacency or stagnation. American Democracy is not perfect, and we know it. But it is safe, thanks to the common sense of the American people who quickly grasped the wisdom of De Tocqueville's maxim: "For all the ills of democracy there is but one remedy: still more democracy."

Europe lacked that common sense and our stubborn persistence. Disappointed with the working of her political systems, she looked for a remedy in an entirely different direction. She deviated to the path of class differentiation. (As a matter of

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fact, Europe sees in the lack of class spirit in America a proof of our primitiveness.) Now class differentiation, whatever be its scientific explanation, is the product of sentimentality and of passions. Its more immediate causes may be of European origin. Its inspiration is Oriental, the Light from the Orient.

The history of European Socialism supplies us with eloquent illustrations corroborating this statement.

In France and Germany, under the moderating influence of Western ideas, Socialism remained relatively reasonable. But behold the climax of its evolution under Russian skies where the last vestige of Occidentalism was lost, and where, finally, it found the opportunity to be sincere and outspoken, to become itself, to appear in perfect, original nudity. What did Socialism produce in Russia outside of cruel and fantastic if not childish experiments? (The question whether the Bolshevist reformers were sincere idealists or dishonest, self seeking adventurers, may be disregarded. They were true to their doctrine. Either admission does not change the general aspect of the problem. No Socialist party in the world has ever questioned the good faith of the Soviets. The only adverse criticism on the part of foreign Socialism rested upon the inadequacy of Bolshevist methods and upon the futility of the results obtained. The objection that Bolshevism is not Socialism, is playing with words. Bolshevism is untrammeled Socialism. Socialism is cryptic and crippled Bolshevism.)

The coming to power of the Soviets was the first real chance Socialism had ever secured to show its hand: its first perfect opportunity to take a practical examination. It availed itself of that opportunity to the limit. And it is most characteristic of Socialism that, having attained its millennium, it did not work for absolute, horizontal social equalization, but, on the contrary, established the principle of class rule, of minority rule. Thus Socialistic protests against constitutional government in countries where the Socialist party was limited to noisy opposition, proved a fake. There they had represented themselves as the leaders of the masses, of an oppressed majority. As soon, however, as they seized the reins of government, they proclaimed a rule of one class only, a government for and by a minority.

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If we take into consideration two theories: one of government by the people, *i. e.*, by the majority of citizens, and another of rule by a few, and then accept the last named as the just principle, no Western mind would ever doubt that the ruling few should be the best citizens of the nation; *i. e.*, the most enlightened. The Soviets however substituted for the best the worst elements, *i. e.*, the least enlightened. They did so because, in opposition to Western psychology influenced by motives of reason and by ethical principles, they deny ethical principles, and, as true Orientals, they are ruled by motives of passion.

One cannot lay enough stress upon these two basic differences between the Western and the Oriental conceptions of life, between the motives of reason and those of passion which represent their respective inspirations.

II

The contribution of America to the after-war healing process of the world must be primarily a moral one. The economic devastation of Europe, distressing as it was, was by no means as fearful as her moral decay. The chaos of ideas was to her far more dangerous than the chaotic state of her currencies. The sudden growth of Radical ideas was but accelerated by the war. It was bound to come sooner or later as the direct consequence of an all too sudden transformation of social conditions, from a feudal to an industrial Europe—as the direct result of an all too intense intellectual and educational evolution. To appreciate fully these facts one must realize the terrific speed of social evolution in the last one hundred and fifty years, a speed caused indirectly by the advancement of science at a pace unknown before in the history of mankind.

Here was a question of social metabolism producing disturbances by the inability of some organs of the body social to keep pace with the suddenly and abnormally developed functions of others. America avoided those disturbances, among other causes, principally because her national evolution began when that social and intellectual evolutionary process was already in full swing. Her national stomach was not confronted therefore with

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the problem of digesting the mutually antagonistic substances of mediæval and modern conditions and ideas.

If one admits the existence of a duty on the part of the United States to come to the rescue of sick Europe, one cannot ask an honest physician to proceed with the treatment of a secondary indisposition while disregarding ominous symptoms of a dangerous chronic malady. The economic ills of Europe might be more grave than such a secondary indisposition, yet her moral, her social ills are far more serious, and no good can come to her from any American palliatives in the shape of loans or investments, so long as the physician does not attempt to cure her main disease.

Europe may not be over anxious to ask, nay, to accept our advice. She has, indeed, already shown some impatience with the didactic tone of past Washington utterances. She might show more impatience today than she did during the war and in the period immediately following it. In those days America's authority could not be questioned. Grumbling there was, but, willy-nilly, America's advice had at least to be listened to with respect.

The economic ills of Europe will sooner or later come to an end. Difficulties and disagreements will be adjusted by inexorable laws of economic necessity. Not so with moral ills. The laws which govern the processes of self healing do not apply in this case, for these are symptoms lying beyond the domain of international symbiosis.

The occupation of the Ruhr Basin and the Reparation Question have appeared to us as the dominant problems of the day on account of the fact that we lack the necessary perspective. The real, all overshadowing problem however is: Shall Germany, shall the various countries of Europe, have a Capitalist, a Monarchist, a Bolshevist or a Democratic form of government?

This is what America must understand, if she is to fulfil her mission. It is not the American dollar that will save Europe, but the American idea. Those who try to persuade us to join the League of Nations, or the Hague Court, or to recognize the Soviets, are perhaps sincere men, but none the less lacking in American firmness of conviction and of purpose. Progressive or Radical

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as they might be called according to an uncritical political nomenclature, they stick to *a priori* conceptions which, much to their disgust, deserve but the name of reaction.

The League of Nations is a European political institution *par excellence*, a subsidiary organization to preserve the prestige and defend the interests of the British Empire in particular. The maintenance of the *status quo* goes with the League before any other consideration. Its adherents may well object to such a statement by quoting as an argument the League's action in behalf of national minorities. The objection however is a contradiction in terms. The protection and sustenance of national minorities is but a pledge for the sustenance of a nationalistic *status quo*.

Would any of our American League of Nation enthusiasts ever tolerate minority protection in these United States? Most assuredly not. Yet they demand it in foreign countries and argue that, under conditions prevailing in them, it is a step forward. As a matter of fact, it is a step backward, a step toward reinforcing an abnormal, an antiquated state of things. The protection of minorities is not a protection of civic rights, but a protection of separatist aspirations, and constitutes a grave danger to any sovereign democracy.

The protection of minorities is but one instance taken at random from among those numerous half measures of pseudo salvation, of which the League of Nations is a synthetic product. The example was selected because, more than any other, it has the false appearance of a democratic reform. President Wilson's League might have been a bold American stroke. The present League is thoroughly European, entirely lacking democratic inspiration. To believe that by her mere accession America would succeed, like a *deus ex machina*, in transforming the spirit permeating that institution, is utter fallacy. On the contrary, her voice would be lost in the European pandemonium. It will be heard only from beyond the ocean—amplified in distinction and dignity by three thousand miles of majestic silence and isolation. The degree of authority which our voice may obtain, depends upon our more or less complete parting with Radical theories and our embracing principles of progress.

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III

We must do away with the false notion that present day Radicalism means progress. Radicalism means the carrying out of extreme principles, not of progressive principles. It is based upon class distinction and upon passions, in opposition to Progressivism, which stands on the ground of the interests of the commonwealth and of motives of reason. Progress is antagonistic to Radicalism in the same degree as it antagonizes reactionary Conservatism. Radicalism is adventurous experimenting with illusions; Progress is advancing on the path of successful experience.

The danger of the above-mentioned misunderstanding may be realized when one recalls that once upon a time we were afraid of the supposedly Radical programme of the greatest Progressive of our era, Theodore Roosevelt.

Another illustration—more modest, though not less characteristic—is further afforded by our calling Radicals the less conservative wings of both great parties in Congress.

The source of that misconception lies in the fact that many of us do not realize that the evolution of the great nations of the world, of America, France, England, Germany and Italy, has passed from the political stage into a social stage. In consequence we use obsolete terms, nay, we stubbornly stick to obsolete notions. In fact, we still nourish obsolete fears. While some of our citizens, of the species less attached to logic, and attracted by novelty, preach Radicalism as the only remedy against reaction, others are entirely blind to the truth that progress is the only remedy against reaction as well as against Radicalism. And while Republicans and Democrats are engaging in futile party disputes which arrest progress, an insidious propaganda which aims at the awakening of class consciousness is steadily going on in the country. Agitators of foreign origin or natives obtaining their inspiration and funds from foreign sources, are slowly but surely working ahead, gnawing at the roots of that which constitutes the real value and the real greatness of American Democracy.

That kind of propaganda cannot be checked by special laws,

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the enactment of which would be contrary to democratic freedom, as long as the agitators refrain from the open preaching of violence and treason. It can however be efficiently counteracted if not eradicated by a concerted action aimed at the awakening of the masses, especially the masses of naturalized citizens, to the consciousness of civic rights and duties, to the meaning of democracy and progress, to the comprehension of the dignity of American citizenship.

As valuable as the coöperation of high spirited civic organizations might be in that line, their action cannot be more than partially effective. To awaken the country as a whole to the realization of the imminent danger, a nation wide action must be undertaken by a body possessing a full and natural authority, *i. e.*, by Congress.

Unfortunately, there is the rub. Congress, though possessed of constitutional power, does not enjoy the confidence of the masses. Its legal authority is unquestionable, but its moral authority more than doubtful. The masses of public spirited citizens of the Union look upon Congress as upon a body of narrow-minded machine politicians, interested primarily in the preservation of their own personal popularity, in regional politics and factional strife. The average Representatives and Senators of today are men of yesterday. Party solidarity is to them a sacred slogan, a flag under the folds of which they hide their lack of learning and of vision. They live in the Past, feeding their souls with outlived formulas, a national abnormality.

Can one under such conditions expect the average Member of Congress to be aware of the great change which the world has undergone in the last generation, of the necessity of adjusting his ideas and his methods to modern conditions, of understanding that the nation has outgrown a political Congress and wants a social Congress, and that, finally, the great American tradition can be saved only by enforcing the immanent principle of our Constitution, by Progress?

The raising of the moral and cultural level of the masses will remain a dead letter so long as it is not accompanied by a parallel raising of their material prosperity.

The more conscious a man becomes, the more material satis-

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faction he demands. The relative prosperity of the workingman in America is the main reason for the poor showing of Socialism in this country. The argument is, however, of but passing value, being of comparative nature only.

Furthermore, one is not allowed to lose sight of the national ethics lying at the bottom of the cultural and material postulates of Progress. The duty of raising the intellectual and economic levels of the masses does not spring from solicitude for the security of the more enlightened and the well-to-do, but from motives of democratic justice. It is from this point of view that the problem consists on one hand of insuring the development of the worker's civic consciousness in opposition to class consciousness, and on the other, of doing away with causes producing the most unjust and dishonest social antinomy of our time: the growth of proletarianism.

It is a grave delusion to believe that the spirit of our Constitution and of our national institutions alone prevents the spread of Radical ideas regardless of the economic conditions of the workingman. Human nature is the same all over the earth, endowed with the same passions and the same hunger for happiness. The weak development of Radicalism in America is due to the fact that the spirit of our institutions by stimulating individual effort secured the relative wellbeing of the lower social strata. Economic ills which appeared with the lapse of time, are but a demonstration of our all-human weakness, of our inability to conform ourselves to the requirements of that spirit of progress, to keep pace with it.

We rightly understood that democracy warrants equality before the law and equality of opportunities, but does not include equality of results individually achieved. This conception enabled on one hand the strongest men of all races to build up on our Continent their own fortunes as well as that of the Commonwealth; and on the other, success blinded the successful ones to the realization that their achievements were but one part of their duties according to the progressive demands of America's *Esprit des Lois*. Had they always had before their eyes the Declaration of Independence, they would have been struck by the awe-inspiring synthesis of national philosophy embodied in the

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phrase, "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people. . . ." A prophetic, nay, a dogmatic conception of political and social ethics: the shaping of necessities and consequently of laws and duties by events of the Past and Present for the Future: Ten Commandments in one—of Progress!

New events produce new needs and new methods of meeting them. These new methods are the recurring problems of the passing days. Today they may require the closing of our frontiers to immigration or placing that immigration on a selective basis. They may demand the introduction on a large if not compulsory scale of a system of coöperatives and workers' profit sharing—or the doing away with legislation having if only the appearance of class legislation, as Prohibition—or a bold declaration in form of an amendment to the Constitution, that all action aiming at class differentiation is criminal. Today and tomorrow they are problems of Progress, demanding the "bourgeoisizing" of the worker, something which morally and materially means much more than the raising of his standard of living.

We admire the Declaration of Independence on account of its wisdom and loftiness. We should admire it not less for its boldness, which has become synonymous with Americanism. Bold were those principles, enunciated at the threshold of a new age and yet not revolutionary, but a synthetic expression of wisdoms, conclusions drawn from mature experience and of a characteristically evolutionary nature. What if a similar wisdom would dictate today a limitation of big, disproportionate incomes of individuals or the introduction of the principle that the size of those incomes should be made dependent upon public merit, upon the value of service rendered to the country by the individual?

Would there be any exaggeration in comparing the injustice of the exactions of the British Crown towards its American Colonies before 1776, with the absurd anomaly of moving picture actors and manufacturers earning ten or twenty times as much as the President of the United States?

Human passions cannot be admitted as an element of author-

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ity and sanction in shaping legislation. Such an admission means Revolution. Evolution, however, admitting their existence, allays them by removing the causes of injustice which have made them flare up. We have called the great events of 1775–1783 the American Revolution for lack of another nomenclature satisfying our need of the heroic. As a matter of fact, to call those events "the Great American Evolution" would mean no less homage to their grandeur.

The return to progressive American tradition is the problem of our day. A great movement in that direction was halted by the war on one hand, and by the disappearance of a great leader on the other. An illusory prosperity and great international events diverted our minds from it. Self satisfaction and an over-tolerance of foreign ideas have blunted our critical faculties.

Yet the issue cannot be avoided. The World expects a message from America. That message must be clear and outspoken. It cannot be the expression of a theory only, but must be backed by arguments of experience. It must be a message of Democracy, a message of evolutionary, practical Progress. Its wording requires a great deal of self-denial, but its broadcasting cannot be avoided if America is to remain herself, if she is to maintain her reputation for courage and integrity.

Sooner or later, and regardless of the ostrich policies and the stubborn refusal of our Conservatives to see the writing on the wall, events will compel us to solve the problem of nationalizing public utilities, of limiting excessive incomes, of introducing old age pensions for wage earners, of extending the Civil Service system upon all public servants.

It requires Americanism, it requires boldness, to do it.

Yet, if beside duties to ourselves we have duties towards mankind too, we must realize that the outside world, tired and exhausted of vain efforts to break the walls of the vicious circle of class prejudice and nationalistic sophistication, will heed America's message only if that message is dictated by courage, by experience, if it is a reflection of true American tradition based upon the principles of Evolution and Progress.

This is the Light from the Occident that cannot fail.

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WITH THE BIG WINDJAMMERS

BY TOM WHITE

In spite of the heartless competition offered by steamers and Diesel-propelled craft, there still remains a substantial number of fine old ships, barks and schooners flying the American flag; but from the deck of a transatlantic mailboat they are looked upon largely as objects of curiosity. Along the more remote trade routes, as well, their numbers have thinned out, although not to such an appreciable extent.

In many respects, the Pacific Ocean has been kind to the windjammer. Largely by reason of its comparatively calm weather and fairly regular winds, it has furnished employment for hundreds of sailing craft, the majority of which were built on the Atlantic seaboard. It is not surprising, therefore, that the West Coast should claim the largest body of square-riggers in the world, remaining in active service. Known as the Alaska Packers' fleet, this group of vessels constitutes a notable exception in the matter of sailing ship operation; the fine, big, upstanding ships and barks including in their number some of the oldest and largest in service today, and representing the three stages in the development of their kind, wood, iron and steel.

During the winter months the members of this fleet are tied up in the Oakland estuary, across the bay from San Francisco, while necessary alterations and repairs are looked after. In the early spring, rigging is thoroughly overhauled, sails sent aloft, and the ships towed to various drydocks and marine railways about the bay to have their hulls scraped and painted. When they leave the yards resplendent in glistening black, with a waterline of bright red, and masts, spars and deck-houses painted a smart buff color, they are towed to their loading docks to receive cargoes of box-shooks and tinplate used at the canneries of the Far North for putting up the salmon pack.

Tied up at various points along the waterfront, with their tall

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masts "raking the blue" and towering high above funnels and masts of mammoth mailboats, the lofty ships of the Packers' fleet lend a distinct note of color to bay shipping, and one which vaguely calls to mind the early days of American commerce.

Shortly before sailing, their crews come aboard. These men are unique in that their calling demands of them a good, working knowledge of sailoring, beside requiring them to be first-rate fishermen. Generally by the middle of April the last of this picturesque old fleet has cleared for Bering Sea, along the shores of which are scattered the canneries and salting stations of the Association. When the ships reach the North, their crews turn fishermen, and when the catch is put up they again climb aboard to assume the rôle of sailors. On the ships' articles their names appear as seamen-fishermen. Their pay as fishermen is rated according to their total catch, and as sailors they are paid a certain flat sum, known as "run money".

Actual fishing is carried on from small boats, the big sailing ships remaining tied up or at anchor, all hands having "jumped ship" except the captain and the cook. From two to three months are required, depending entirely on the catch, before the pack is finished, the cannery wheels slow down and the last slingful of cases comes over the side and is lowered away into the hold. Material which came into the North as tinplate and box-shooks has been shaped into cans and cases containing choice Alaska salmon; and the men who until recently have been fishermen again join their ships and renew acquaintance with sheets, tacks and halyards.

All is ready for the run into the South. Gaskets are flung off, buntlines and clewlines let go, yards hoisted, tops'ls and to'gallants'ls sheeted home, and the big square-riggers heel to the fair wind, and are off and gone on the world's most picturesque deep sea classic. As in the days when the famed tea clippers crammed on every stitch "and the skipper's cap" to be first to reach port with their precious cargoes; as the *Westward Ho* raced the *Great Republic* down the East Coast, around the Horn and up the Pacific, so it is today. The proud old windjammers of the Packers' fleet, some of them record holders for crack passages in the old days, go romping down the West Coast with "a bone in

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their teeth," every stitch set, their ensign and number whipping straight out in the breeze, and everyone aboard, from the very humblest cannery hand right up to the skipper, with a song in their hearts—the same old song that was sung from time out of mind by sailormen the world over, the song of the homeward bound!

As in the spring, when the ships were outward bound, so it is in the early fall: a spirit of eagerness pervades the decks, an eagerness undiminished by any passing squall, an ardor dampened only by the impotence of the idly flapping canvas in a flat calm. From the turbulent, often uncertain waters of Bering Sea, the majestic square riggers with decks aslant under their towering, high piled masses of canvas, come bowling down the blue Pacific. The merry tinkle of the ship's bell as it tells off the half hours, the hiss of the crisp, white foam slipping by to leeward, the scudding clouds overhead and the easy roll of the deck under foot—all this means as much to the sailor of today as it did to those who manned the early whalers and tea clippers.

The run into the South usually requires from four to six weeks. Famed in the annals of the fleet, however, stands the name of the old ship *Sterling*, record-holder of the fastest passage from Bering Sea to San Francisco, which was made in twenty-one days. This splendid record was achieved in 1900. As if performed in the light of a farewell gesture, her glory was short lived, for this was her last voyage. The following year the good ship piled up on the rocks off Bristol Bay and was a total loss.

On a bright morning early in October a doughty seagoing towboat will slip through The Heads and go wallowing out far off the Golden Gate to pick up the first of the returning windjammers—the winner of the world's last blue water sailing classic. Far off to windward she is first sighted, "hull-down" over the horizon, but plainly visible as the sun's first rays glance brightly from her vivid white canvas, piled up like a vagrant, low lying cloud bank. Nearer and nearer she comes, romping "down the wind, with everything set", rolling up under her sharp forefoot a mass of tumbling, hissing foam; and while still two or three miles to windward she begins shortening sail before being picked up by the towboat. Her royals come in first, then her upper to'gal-

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lants'ls, and with the lowering of the yards the sails puff and belly as buntlines and clewlines take hold. Topmast staysails and outer jib come down with a run; and by the time the tug has lumbered up under her lee she is stripped of all canvas except barely enough to give her steerage way.

Among waterfront circles, this body of ships is known as the Star Fleet, each ship having been rechristened with the name of some political division preceded by the word "Star." A partial roll-call includes the *Star of England*, *Star of Alaska*, *Star of Iceland*, *Star of Falkland*, *Star of Shetland* and *Star of Lapland*. The last named is said to be the largest American sailing ship in active service. Indeed, it would require a very nice nautical discrimination to distinguish between the *Lapland* and the *Shetland* at any great distance, both being rigged as four-masted barks, with practically identical tonnage and dimension figures.

The *Star of Lapland* is the pride of the fleet. Built in Sewall's yards at Bath, Maine, the birthplace of so many of her noble forerunners, she was launched in 1902, and saw overseas service for the Standard Oil Company until 1910, when she was purchased by the Alaska Packers' Association and brought around to the West Coast. Under the Standard's house flag she was known as the *Atlas*, but when her new burgee was hoisted she was rechristened with the name she now carries. With a gross tonnage of 3,381, and measuring 332 feet from stem to stern, the *Star of Lapland* is a splendid example of the type of steel sailing vessels turned out at American yards at a time when the winged carriers had reached their highest development. No matter from which angle she is regarded, this ship—like all other true daughters of Neptune,—is a thing of sheer beauty.

Looking at her from "dead on," in nautical language, one is impressed with the delicately moulded lines of extreme flare and long, overhanging bows, through the "eyes" of which ponderous, stud linked chains reach upward to starboard and port to the massive anchors securely "catted" but always ready to be let go in any kind of an emergency. Regarding her from "right aft," there is apparent the same delicate grace to the shallow, overhanging counter that is found in her finely chiseled bows. From abeam, however, her hull proportions are most strikingly dis-

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played in the saucy rake of her masts and the slightly sheered fore-and-aft line. Her tall sticks reaching heavenward for two hundred feet, her slim, tapering yards carefully trimmed, and the fine spun tracery of backstays, braces, lifts, halyards and clew-lines hauled snug and taut overhead, the lofty four masted bark makes a picture designed to delight the soul of a Conrad. In common with her sisters of the fleet, the *Star of Lapland* is equipped with radio, steam windlasses for heaving up the anchor, steam winches for loading and discharging cargo, and hand-operated brace winches for swinging and trimming the big yards.

While these mechanical improvements make for quicker, safer passages, and speed up the work of handling cargo, they make no direct contribution to the happiness or well-being of the man "before the mast." His peace of mind, however, is pretty well assured through large, airy forecastles, vividly contrasted to the dark, foul-smelling "cockroach heavens" of bygone days. Extra large tanks insure plenty of fresh water, instead of a beggarly half-gallon ration. The food is vastly better, too, than it was in times past, which is chiefly due to the comparatively short passages made by these vessels, enabling them to carry more fresh meats and vegetables.

The quarters of the captain and his officers, while not in any sense comparable to the princely suites found aboard passenger liners, are nevertheless arranged conveniently and furnished with tasteful simplicity. The companionway from the poop deck leads into a passage a few steps from the main cabin, on one side of which are ranged the officers' staterooms, comfortably equipped with abundant locker space and roomy berths; on the other side are the captain's quarters, often consisting of two rooms. Above his bed—or berth, if she is a particularly old ship—is the tell-tale compass with its inverted bowl which gives the direction of the ship's head. Secured to the near-by bulkhead is a "sailor's bible," or barometer, and close at hand is a sturdy ship's clock.

A note of subdued comfort predominates in the main cabin, with its panelling of mahogany and maple, and warm plush cushions in the chairs surrounding the mess table. Photographs, paintings, often models of famous sailing ships, adorn the walls, and at the forward end of the cabin is frequently found a real,

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built-in fireplace. The familiar old kerosene lamps with their nickel-plated reflectors have long since given way to electricity.

These picturesque old daughters of the deep, while true in every other respect to all the splendid traditions of their kind, are nevertheless capricious in the matter of names; indeed, *Lloyd's Register of Shipping* has had a busy time keeping track of some of these vessels. Take for example the bark *Star of Falkland.* When launched in Scotland in 1892 she was christened *Durbridge.* Under the German flag she was known as the *Steinbek,* and was later listed as *Northern Light,* then *Arapahoe.* In a career of thirty-six years she bore four names and carried the flags of three nations; before she met her fate on a jagged rock in Unimak Pass, this present season, and was abandoned, a total loss. The *Star of England* has also carried different names. Built at Dumbarton, Scotland, in 1893, she slid down the ways as the *Blairmore;* later she was rechristened the *Abby Palmer.*

"In the Spring of '96," so the story goes, "the *England* was anchored off the San Francisco waterfront. She had just returned from a long voyage, her cargo had been discharged and she was riding light—even her forefoot was partly out of water. As she swung with the tide her cable fouled under her bows and she listed heavily to port. Just at that moment a combination of wind and tide finished the job, and over she went! It seems she had been on such a long voyage that the old ship was completely tired out, and the only way for her to get a good rest was to lie down on the bottom of San Francisco Bay." Covered with rust and mud, they brought her to the surface three months later; and to bear out the story they point to the time hardened barnacles still adhering to the under side of the cabin table.

These old square riggers, every one of which is still sound and tight in every oaken plank and iron plate, have wonderful records to their credit—records of crack passages and grim battles with tropical hurricanes and China Sea typhoons. They commonly weathered the fierce rage of the elements without a scar, but there have been times when their hoary heads have emerged in a mass of tangled rigging and shattered spars as they limped into the nearest port under "jury rig."

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Perhaps the most picturesque of the careers of these old veteran windjammers is that of the *Star of India*. When launched sixty-five years ago as the *Euterpe*, there were yards on all three masts, but she was later rerigged as a bark. Among her earliest voyages she carried passengers from England to Australia. In those days sailors spoke of her as a "flash ship," her racy lines closely resembling those of the far-famed clippers. The entire 'tween-deck space was given over to passenger accommodations, one evidence of which may be seen even today in the row of portholes, long since covered by iron discs firmly bolted down. With a full list and every bunk occupied, it is said she could take care of one hundred passengers. Following a long and faithful career in various trades, during which she called at every world-port of any consequence, the *Star of India* was taken over by the Alaska Packers in 1908, when her rig was changed to that of a bark. Old West Coast sailing ship men agree that she was a "beautiful ship to handle," and when old sailors will finally come to an agreement on the merits of any one ship, no question can possibly be raised!

The ranks of the fleet are thinning out, however, due to the gradual encroachment of steam. In fact, during the last year a number of these noble craft have been released for other service, mostly of a humble character. The *Star of Peru*, whose keel was laid down in Sunderland, England, in 1863, is to suffer the disgrace of ending her days as a coal hulk in the harbor of Noumea, New Caledonia, (after first being rechristened *Bougainville*). The *Star of Chile*, built at Dundee, Scotland, in 1868, is even now suffering a similar fate in San Francisco harbor; and the *Santa Clara*—a wooden ship and one of the smartest that ever flew the house-flag of the Alaska Packers—built at Bath, Maine, in 1876, is doing duty as a fishing hulk off the coast of southern California. Moving picture producers have also claimed their share of the orphans of the Star Fleet. But wherever they go, however humble may be the work expected of them, and no matter how completely they may be shorn of their crowning glory of yards, masts and even jibbooms, there still clings to these old ships an aura of romance which brings to mind with startling vividness all the dash and adventure of "the glorious days of sail."

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WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN

ENTHUSIASM for the study of Greek in modern days varies, as a Yale professor remarked recently, not in regular upward or downward progression, but in waves, like Wall Street prices. Just now there is, so to speak, a chop sea: a rather sharp contention as to the practical value of classic erudition, and especially of the knowledge of Greek. On the one hand the exponents of modern ideals and methods of education are contending, perhaps more vigorously than ever before, that the study of "dead" languages is supererogatory, is merely a hindrance to that attention which should be given to what they deem the essentials of preparation for life's duties; at best, a post-mortem examination, interesting, it is true, but on the whole a waste of time, and so, inimical to that watchword of the present era, "Progress".

On the other hand the defenders of the Classics are standing boldly to their guns, asserting that knowledge of Greek and Latin is not only an elegant accomplishment—"*nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*"—but a vitally important element of a young man's (shall we add, a young woman's?) equipment for active and useful life. Magazines lend their columns to learned essays on this or that aspect of the question at issue; the iconoclast and the idealist, conservative and radical in educational matters, vocalize their respective theories from the platform; and many a gathering of brilliantly intellectual leaders is animated by the discussion.

It is a noticeable and significant fact that the parties to this controversy are not distinguished from each other in point of culture or, indeed, of high reputation in classic studies. Each force numbers on its side many noted scholars. It is a sort of civil war, in both senses of the term, a case of Greek meeting Greek; and hence the inevitable "tug".

Whatever may be the basic truth in the premises,—probably lying somewhere between the two extremes so strenuously urged

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by the opposing forces,—it is unquestionable that much of the strong feeling against Greek has arisen from faulty methods of teaching. Stigmatizing the language as a dead one has prejudged the whole matter; by dealing out dry bones or mummied tissues to his class for mere analysis and classification the instructor has implanted in the student's mind a prejudice which it is almost impossible to eradicate. That the average schoolboy "hates Greek" no one can deny. What is to be the remedy—if one is desired?

There is much to be said, of course, in favor of the old-fashioned methods of teaching. They certainly did lay a firm foundation for a good, working knowledge of the classics. Even as late as the Seventies of the last century Greek was taught in our preparatory schools with a painstaking thoroughness, and by systematic methods, that would now excite a smile. The writer's old *Sophocles' Greek Grammar* is marked throughout, thus indicating paradigms, grammatical rules and long lists of words to be learned by heart; while the merit system of the class room (in the Boston Latin School, which sends more students to Harvard than any other institution in the United States) was so strict that the slightest slip, from the omission of an accent to the dual form of an irregular verb, in recitation, was recorded on the teacher's books, and affected the pupil's rank. This was in the days of Dr. Francis Gardner, the last of those picturesque figures, the head-masters of olden times. Who of his pupils does not remember that tall, gaunt figure, the high-crowned hat, and the "surtout" reaching almost to his feet, in the days when "ulsters" were unknown? I can hardly yet refrain from trembling as I visualize the arraignment of a culprit; the great forelock overhanging the stern eyes of the Doctor, the upraised forefingers as he bade the guilty delinquent choose between the "horns of the dilemma", thundering out, "Which excuse will you take, sir? Which horn? Stupidity, or wilful disobedience of orders?" At one time a boy—later a well-known business man in this city—was kept after school to learn a slighted lesson in Latin or Greek. Dr. Gardner, doubtless impatient, on his own part, for his dinner, paced up and down the long "hall" at the top of the old Bedford Street schoolhouse. The boy could not memorize the lesson, try as he would. Again and again he essayed to

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recite the tantalizing rules. At last (he has told me) the Doctor seized the grammar, laid it upon the boy's curly locks, and with a ferocity that was only half assumed, gave it a thump with his fist. "There," he exclaimed. "I'll see if I can't *drive* it into your head!" Strange to say, the treatment was immediately successful. The boy found himself repeating the elusive paragraphs, and presently was bounding down those long, winding flights of shaky stairs to freedom, thankful to escape from the ever-detestable sound of Greek vowels and diphthongs.

There is the trouble. We boys had to learn our paradigms, to be sure; but at the same time we learned with even more thoroughness to "hate Greek"; while, day by day,—

> —— Xenophon's mighty *Anabasis* came
> To cloud our young lives, till we hated his name;
> The characters playing strange pranks on the pages,
> As still we droned on: "He advanced fifteen stages."
> Would that the Ten Thousand had all broken loose
> Before they began on their endless *stathmous!*
> We preferred that they shouldn't get on quite so fast;
> And wished that their leader had not *anabas*-ed,

To sum the matter up, the study which might be, which I venture to say—thus betraying my own sympathies in the dispute —should be, the most attractive in the whole school course, was made the most distasteful. Dr. Palmer, orally translating the *Odyssey* night after night to crowded and delighted audiences at Cambridge, Mass., a few years ago, showed most conclusively the possibility of presenting the great works of the past in a form to interest, to enthrall students and thoughtful hearers. Why should not a similar course be pursued in the preparatory schools, private as well as public?

As to more mature folk, those engaged in the dusty business of life, and rather weary with its stern demands, its unceasing toil, its ever-varied and perplexing problems, I question not that the revival of one's own knowledge of the classics, especially Greek, holds out a rich means of mental refreshment and true recreation known only to those who have yielded themselves to its charm.

In George MacDonald's *Alec Forbes of Howglen*, Alec and the dissipated but noble-hearted librarian, Cupples, have made a

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mutual vow to reform. They sit together in the latter's small attic, trying to forget in a friendly game the craving for drink. At last the librarian throws aside the cards and breaks out, "It winna do, bantam. What say ye to a chorus o' Æschylus?" Down comes one of the priceless, crimson-bound volumes from the cupboard where these treasures are hoarded, and the two men are soon deep in the sonorous periods of the *Prometheus*, or *The Seven Against Thebes*. It is a scene worth remembering.

Now and then a chance word shows us for the first time that a friend has hitherto unsuspected tastes in literature akin to our own. Not long ago I wrote to a prominent clergyman, asking his opinion as to the meaning of a certain puzzling passage in the Gospels. I remember especially one sentence in his courteous reply: "Your letter reveals the fact that there are a few of us left who care for Greek; would that their number were seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal!"

Looking back upon my own studies in the preparatory school, I am amazed that my instructors took so little pains to interest me in the adventures, the stirring events, the splendid characters, the mere narrative, of the *Iliad*. Take, for instance, the scene of the reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon. Here is something to thrill the red blood of a Boy Scout, as well as of his elders, even in this extremely practical, material, "progressive" world of ours today. As in the tales of Scott and of the Western plains the heroes have their nicknames. Diccon Bend-the-Bow and Chief Rain-in-the-Face are replaced by Hector of-the-Gleaming-Helmet, Achilles Fleet-foot, and Ulysses the Crafty. This passage, it may be remarked in passing, is also noteworthy as containing two curious parallelisms; one with the Scriptures, the other with Shakespeare. In his announcement to the gods, Jupiter exclaims (Book 19, lines 103–4): "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder" (Isaiah IX, 6). More remarkable still are the words in line 90, the exact, literal translation of which is, "There's a divinity which shapes our ends." Is it barely possible that in his smattering of a university education Shakespeare came upon this phrase, or heard it quoted, and that it stuck in his mind when he wrote *Hamlet*?

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The narrative in the Nineteenth Book of the *Iliad* opens, it will be remembered, with the interview of Achilles and Thetis beside the body of Patroclus. The embittered chieftain, roused at last from his long lethargy of sullen wrath, is newly armed and inspired by the goddess; and, throwing aside all thought of his own wrongs, leaves his tent, to summon his countrymen to council and battle:[1]

Striding along the shore of the sea came godlike Achilles,
Fiercely shouting, and stirring the hearts of the host of Achæans.
Then from the ships came even the men who had no part in fighting,
Steersmen who stood at the tiller, and stewards in charge of provisions:
All to the gathering hastened—Achilles was once more before them,
He who so long had remained aloof from the fury of battle!
Came the two comrades of war, Diomedes, mighty in conflict,
Godlike Ulysses beside him, with slow and faltering footsteps,
Leaning upon their spears, for both were greviously wounded.
Thus they advanced, and in front of the crowded assembly were seated.
Lingering e'en to the last came the ruler of men, Agamemnon;
Still unhealed was his wound, where Koön, the son of Antenor,
Once had thrust with his spear in the heat of the battle, and pierced him.

What a picture is this, to hold a boy's attention! The sea-shore, with the waves of the Ægean beating upon it; the fierce chieftain, "shouting terribly", and the throng flocking to the council place, from ship and outpost and tent, at the sound of that lionlike roar, so long silent. The men have gathered, with rank beyond rank of tossing plumes, shining helmets and glittering spear-points; while duller patches of color mark the jostling, unarmed masses of sailors, sutlers and camp-followers.

Now when all the Achæans in council thus were assembled
Straightway rose swift-footed Achilles, and spoke as he stood there:
"Might not this have been better for you and for me, son of Atreus,
When we contended in heart-rending strife for the sake of a maiden?"

Achilles's peroration is that of a blunt, frank soldier, speaking with no attempt at art or oratorical flourish. Passionate and

[1] I shall make no apologies for offering a new translation of the passage under consideration, nor for my choice of the metre which, in common with several far more learned and skilful predecessors, I believe best suited to a rendering of the *Iliad* in English. I will only add that I have tried to reproduce, as simply and directly as is consistent with a poetical version, the *feeling* as well as the exact words of the original. I have retained, as have Bryant and most other translators, the Latin forms of the names of Greek deities, on the ground that they are far more familiar to most readers than are the Greek names, to which they are nearly enough equivalent.

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vengeful, fresh from a protracted and almost childish period of sullen withdrawal, he breaks out in eager offer of reconciliation. No address to the waiting host around him—he forgets them entirely, until he comes to the war cry which springs spontaneously to his lips at the close of his brief, terse, unstudied words. No regret even for the maid who had innocently been the cause of all the trouble. He has forgotten, too, his headstrong passion for her!

"Would that the girl had fallen before the shafts of Diana,
Fallen that day when I seized her, my prize at the sack of Lyrnaeus!
Then so many Achæans, cut down in the fury of battle,
Never, alas! would have suffered, and bitten the dust, while in anger
I withdrew from the fray—a boon to the Trojans and Hector,
But the Achæans, I think, will long remember our quarrel!

"Come, let bygones be bygones! What though old injuries rankle?
Here must the rage in our hearts be subdued. My wrath—I renounce it!
Nor will I stubbornly brood over wrongs of the past. Now, to battle!
Rouse we at once the long-haired Greeks for the struggle before us!
Fain would I test these Trojans, and learn for myself whether once more
They are so anxious to bivouac here, alongside our vessels!
Nay, methinks more than one will gladly escape from the conflict,
Fleeing and cowering low as he shrinks from my spear!"
Acclamations
Burst from the joyous ranks of the armored Greeks as they heard him,
Heard their hero, Achilles, announce surcease of his anger.

Now comes the dramatic reply of Agamemnon who—though the wound received from Koön, previously referred to, was only in the arm, "below the elbow" (Iliad XI, 252)—speaks from his place on the outskirts of the assembly. It is evident that he makes the most of his wounded condition, remaining seated, contrary to the custom of speakers, and drawing attention to the fact in a rambling exordium.

Then from his seat in the midst of the clamorous throng, Agamemnon,
Ruler of men, not rising, lifted his voice and addressed them:
"Heroes of Greece, my friends and faithful comrades in warfare,
It were but fair to listen to one who should stand to address you,
Nor were it fitting to drown his words in a tumult of voices—
Hard enough is it for him, in sooth, be he ever so skilful!
How can any one hear or speak in a noisy assembly?
Surely he would be silenced, however impassioned a speaker.

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Therefore listen, I pray, while I to Achilles make answer;
Thus will each of you clearly hear all my words. O Achilles,
Many a time in the past have the Greeks repeated your charges,
Oft upbraided me to my face—but this was injustice."

Having no really valid excuse for his arbitrary conduct, Agamemnon, instead of following the example of Achilles, frankly admitting his own part in the quarrel, and meeting his rival's manly offer of reconciliation half way, now casts the responsibility for his seizure of Briseis upon the gods!

"Not on my head be the blame! It was Jove and Fate who beguiled me—
They and Erinnys, who walketh in darkness. In the assembly
Over my spirit they cast a spell, a passionate frenzy,
On that day when, myself, I wrested his prize from Achilles.
What could I do? There's a power divine that controls us in all things,
Ate, the eldest daughter of Jove, accursed and baleful;
Far too dainty her feet to tread on the earth; but she crushes
All mankind as she tramples upon them, ruthless, beguiling.
One, at least, of us twain she must have ensnared in her meshes!"

Having by this time gained the attention of his audience, and thrown a little dust in their eyes, Agamemnon, evidently well versed in all the wiles of a political speaker, proceeds to tell them a story. We can imagine how the stern faces of his hearers relax, as they listen, like children, to the tale of the trick played upon Jupiter by Juno, acting under the influence of Ate. Can we not almost hear the ripple of laughter at the absurd discomfiture of the mighty Thunderer, and the clashing of spears at the conclusion of the story; or see the account as it would appear in a modern newspaper report, the following morning, with (*laughter*) and (*applause*) duly bracketed?

All preparations, according to Agamemnon's little mirth-provoking narrative, had, "once upon a time", been made for the birth of Hercules, who had divine blood in his veins. Jupiter could not forbear boasting to his intimate Olympian circle that a child to be born that day, of his own lineage, should rule the Argives. Juno, catching him up in a right wifely style (inspired, it is assumed, by Ate, who hovered maliciously in the background), intimated that she could not believe his words unless he should confirm them by a solemn oath; which, in his infatuation,

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he proceeded to do. Juno thereupon betook herself swiftly to earth, delayed the appearance of baby Hercules, and forwarded the untimely birth of Eurystheus—also of divine descent—thus securing for the latter the fulfilment of the rash oath of her deluded spouse. Jove, too late, understood the trick. There was no way of punishing Juno, but, in his anger,—

"Turned he at once to Ate and, grasping her glistening tresses,
Swore, with burning wrath in his heart, that the treacherous goddess,
Ate, the bane of creation, should now be banished forever,
Never again to return to the sacred heights of Olympus.
Whirling her round with his powerful hand as he said it, he cast her
Down from the starry heavens, to seek her abode among mortals.
Ever thenceforth he groaned at the thought of the wrong she had done him;
Sorrowing as he beheld his beloved son at his labors,
Toiling at tasks unworthy, imposed by Eurystheus, the ruler."

By this time the audience, having been skilfully led away from the main issue, are, it may be assumed, in thoroughly good humor. The buzz of merriment and applause dies away, as Agamemnon continues, turning again to Achilles:

"So, when the Trojan chief, great Hector in glittering helmet,
Slaughtered the struggling Greeks at the very prows of their vessels,
I, too, bitterly thought upon Ate, and how she had wronged me.
But, since I was beguiled, and Jove bewildered my senses,
Here do I make amends, and offer you gifts in abundance.
Gird you now for the fray, and rouse all the people to battle.
I, meanwhile, will freely give whatever was promised
Yesternight at your tent, for me, by the noble Ulysses.
Nay, if you will, restrain for a while your zest for the onset;
My retainers shall fetch you now the gifts from my vessel,—
Thus you shall see for yourself that my expiation is ample."

Achilles, we can fancy, has been chafing impatiently at this long harangue. As his rival concludes, he springs to his feet:

"Noble offspring of Atreus, ruler of men, Agamemnon,
What you may choose to give, or I to receive, in atonement,
Matters little, in sooth, to me. But now for the conflict!
Why should we waste the time in idle parley? Before us,
While we talk, is a great work still to be done! When Achilles
Once again shall be seen, as of old, in the forefront of battle,

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Wielding his brazen spear and dealing death to the Trojans,
Every man of you then, remembering who is your leader,
Close with your foeman—and fight!"

This extract I have given simply to recall to school-boys of former years—for the passage is a familiar one—the intensely human interest that pervades the work of the ancient poet; the vividness of description, the fine, sharp delineation of character, the fire and splendor of narrative, that make the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* immortal. In these days, moreover, how easy and inviting has the study of these glorious masterpieces been made by our typographers! I take down my old copy of Homer, published in Paris seventy years ago, and the eye wearies with deciphering the dizzying light-faced type of that period. If this volume was the best that the famous Firman Didot Frères could produce, what of the ordinary school-books of that time, and those of earlier date?

The great epics were first recited and sung for the delectation of a race yet in its childhood. They appeal to the ever-young in the heart of every human being. Insistent, recurrent, murmurous as the waves of the wine-dark sea upon the shores of Ithaca, the flowing hexameters soothe the ear that is tired of the noise, the hurly-burly of the city street, the din of traffic, the familiar scenes of strife and sorrow that cannot be appeased; the daily dramas of the manufactory, the court room, the hospital, the stock exchange. Needful and wholesome in the stern discipline of life all these may be; but when the winter twilight falls and, wearied and careworn, we turn homeward to rest by our own firesides; then, for a while at least, let us forget the stress and strain of business, and the corroding anxieties, cares, problems that have thronged the day: let us, so far as we may, leave all this outside, as we gather once more with the well-greaved Achæans beside the sea, and listen to the words of the Argive and Trojan heroes, or the gossip, no less childlike and ingenuous, of the rulers of high Olympus. Drawing near to Calypso's abode in the fair, wooded isle of dreams, and catching the fragrant scent of her cedar-wood fire, let us abandon ourselves anew to the charm of the old, old fairy tale of the far-wandering, much-tried Ulysses and his many struggles until he reached home and Penelope, and "lived happy forever after."

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THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

BY SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH

When Andrew Carnegie found himself in the possession of a rapidly growing sum of surplus wealth, his first thought was to use it for the public good, and he naturally chose Pittsburgh as the firmament of a new creation. He began with the construction of a Library Building, and on the night of its dedication, November 5, 1895, finding that there were two large wings in the edifice not needed at that time for books, he announced an additional gift of $1,000,000 for founding a Department of Fine Arts and a Museum of Science and Natural History. Watching the growth of this new institution with the affection which a father would give to a child, Mr. Carnegie enlarged his gifts so bountifully that it was soon necessary to have additional housing space, and when Mr. Frew and I visited him at his residence in New York and exhibited a tentative plan of a new building, he studied it carefully for half an hour, and then dictated a letter to his financial secretary instructing him to honor the drafts of the Pittsburgh trustees for $5,000,000.

The handsome building which grew out of this conference is now the Carnegie Institute. It is three stories in height, and is built of light gray sandstone. It covers nearly six acres, measuring 400 by 600 feet. The walls are surmounted by a bronze cornice, below which, carved in the stone of the frieze, are the names of men renowned in the fields of literature, music, art, science, and education.

The foyer forming the entrance into the Music Hall is one of the most magnificent creations in the world. Departing from the restraint that characterizes the rest of the building, it shows sixteen massive columns of green Tinos marble, a balcony with projecting loges lavish with gold incrustations, and a many-colored floor inlaid with French, Irish, and Italian marbles. The Music Hall is a semi-circular auditorium, in white and gold and

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soft dull red. Built into the stage in such a way as to form a decorative background is the organ, one of the largest and finest of such instruments.

The Hall of Sculpture is built in the measurements of the Parthenon. The white columns standing out against light green walls are of marble brought from Mount Pentelicus, near Athens, the same kind of marble of which the Parthenon is built and which Phidias used for his immortal works. The Hall of Architecture is large enough to include full size casts of many notable objects, illustrating the development of the art from the most ancient times almost to our own day. Next come the rooms in which are displayed the big game trophies gathered by Childs Frick in his hunting expeditions in South Africa, the Heinz ivories, the DuPuy miniatures, the minerals, birds, beasts, fishes, the giant dinosaurs nearly one hundred feet in length, Indian relics, and many other things which illustrate the earth and the life that has grown upon it, covering the entire reach of a modern museum.

The Department of Fine Arts has attracted the attention of the world by its annual International Exhibition of Paintings, which represents the best art available virtually in all countries for each year, and if there may have been any variation in the standard of merit from year to year, that is inevitably due, not to the Institute's system of collecting the pictures, but to the artists who paint them. If the painters cling to conservative or academic models, or if they choose to employ new methods or new ideas, the Institute shows these examples upon its walls, basing its authority for so doing upon the reputation of the artists. Its mission is not to produce art, but to exploit the works of the recognized masters. In addition the Department shows many other collections from time to time, ranging from paintings to photographs.

In its purchase of paintings the Institute has been guided by Mr. Carnegie's injunction not to spend its resources for Old Masters, which would exhaust the largest income, but rather to purchase the best modern pictures which would in the future become Old Masters. And this policy has led to the assembling of a permanent collection in which nearly every painter who has won recognition during the last fifty years is here represented by a worthy and interesting canvas.

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In the Music Hall noted artists and lecturers are heard, and Charles Heinroth, a master of organ music, gives two recitals each week free to the people. The annual Founder's Day celebrations also occur in the Music Hall, where five Presidents of the United States—McKinley, Cleveland, Wilson, Taft, and Coolidge—have been among the distinguished speakers who have made this platform occasion renowned.

The Library now possesses 629,044 volumes, with an annual circulation of 4,264,421 through the Main Library and its 132 branches and distributing stations, and a school for training librarians has been in operation almost from the inauguration of the Library.

When Mr. Carnegie saw that his work was good and that it was having an educational and cultural influence upon a great community, he resolved to create a school which at the start was intended to provide instruction in all the trades and handicrafts which enable men and women to earn their livelihood. As time went on this school, stimulated by his open purse, extended its work into an ever-widening field of instruction until it has become finally the Carnegie Institute of Technology and stands in the front rank with the greatest similar schools in the world.

The Pittsburgh enterprise was the first offspring of Mr. Carnegie's philanthropy, and it was always uppermost in his thoughts and plans. On one occasion he wrote to ask whether we could use $2,000,000 wisely. That word "wisely" was ever at the base of all his projects. The board was called together and his letter carefully considered, but his munificence had at that moment so far outrun our development that, for the first time in the history of the human race, a board said, No, they had no need for $2,000,000 at this time. He was always assiduous in encouraging the growth of the enterprise and he took a real delight in providing the means for its development. Once, at Skibo, putting his hand on my shoulder in his demonstrative and affectionate way, he said: "If you can tell me how I can use a million dollars—two million dollars—wisely—you will make me the happiest of men." Then we would talk it all over, but if there was no way open to employ his funds wisely the subject would go over. Once he wrote me this letter:

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My Dear Friend—

If you had $10,000,000 that you did not need, what would you do with it?

A. C.

Well, we have all said in childhood what we would do with a million dollars if we had it, but here was $10,000,000 on my doorstep, and I had not the slightest idea in the world what use could be made of it "wisely" and with the coördinating of all things taken into consideration. But I called a conference of wise men—Judge James H. Reed, Andrew W. Mellon, Judge Josiah Cohen, and some others. They were in the same boat with me. But we did ultimately give him our counsel.

All these benefactions, including the School of Technology, are under the administration of one Board of Trustees. Their total cost, including the settlements to be made from Mr. Carnegie's funds in 1946, approximate $50,000,000. The Carnegie Institute in its very structure is more versatile than any other institution on the earth. There are, of course, larger units in other places, but nowhere in the world is there one foundation containing in such elaborate proportions an art museum, a natural history museum, a music hall with its free recitals, a library and library school, and an institute of technology, all under one compact administration. It has thus naturally become the rallying ground of culture for the people of Pittsburgh, and it is also a torch of light whose rays extend far beyond the confines of the city in which it rests.

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OLIVER GOLDSMITH, THE IRISHMAN

BY THOMAS WALSH

"More Irish than the Irish themselves," the Goldsmiths of "the settlements" had been domiciled for several generations in the O'Farrell Country of County Longford, on the great central plain of Ireland, the scene of much of the ancient splendor of the Red Branch, as well as the theater of the most tragic squalor of the Famine Years. Unlike the hostile settlements of the North, these scattered Protestant communities lived a life little different, or apart, from the masses of O's and Mac's, over whom they were preferred by the State and its Church, but with whom, in the dire abandonment and dissolution that broke upon Ireland in the Eighteenth Century, they shared an almost equal fate.

Therefore when the Reverend Charles Goldsmith, curate in charge of Pallas in the Parish of Forgney, on the river flats of the Inny, "Passing rich with forty pounds a year," took to wife the daughter of the Reverend Oliver Jones of the Diocesan School at Elphin, he displayed no more than the usual native improvidence in establishing her in one of the most dilapidated parsonages in all Ireland, and in proceeding to bring into the world four children, to the youngest of whom, in honor of his grandfather Jones, he gave—the equivalent to an execration in the Gaelic heart—the name of Oliver.

After twelve years the household reached the comparative affluence of the parsonage at Lissoy, only a few miles from Pallas, but offering some betterment of surroundings which finds reflection in the flattering-mirror of the poet's "loveliest village of the plain." It was certainly Lissoy, now courageously on the map as Auburn, that gave Goldsmith the feeling, if not the precise details, of *The Deserted Village;* it was the only rural home he was to know for long, and his mind recurred to its charms mellowed by distance, when he was composing the greatest pastoral in our tongue. Lissoy and its region had not known as yet all the

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heart-break and desolation of exile; boy and girl marriages were the rule with large families living in the greatest virtue, and in an improvidence that consoled itself with mutual affections and spiritual elation. "The priests celebrated Mass by open stealth, so to speak, and looked after the morals of their flocks, living on excellent terms with the Protestant parsons, and giving offence to none. These priests," continues F. Frankfort Moore, "being withheld from education on an island whose towns were named from the colleges around which they were built, and where in early days the very peasants, men and women, could converse in Latin, went to qualify for their office at some of the foreign seminaries. It was from one of them that Oliver Goldsmith became a linguist. He spoke French fluently and, perhaps, Italian."

There was also Thomas Byrne, the retired quartermaster from Marlborough's campaigns, the schoolmaster of Lissoy who "shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won", and incidentally, according to the later complaints of the Goldsmith family, inspired Oliver with the vagrant tendencies that played so disastrous a part in his personal fortunes, and so immortal a part in his services to poetry. Nevertheless the poet was hardly more than six years of age when he passed from under these dangers to the school of the Reverend Mr. Griffin, at Elphin, and later to the Reverend Mr. Campbell at Athlone, and again to the Reverend Mr. Hughes of Edgeworthstown, who is on record as the most sympathetic of all his masters. At the age of sixteen he entered the University of Dublin, but owing to his father's improvidence and poverty he was able to pay only the fees of a sizar, a grade that made him hardly more than the body servant of the other students, and shut him off from the social life of most of his fellows. In Dublin he seems to have learned, even in the midst of the dregs of Town and Gown, that prejudice against a condition involving labor which brought the brilliant, heartless Irish gentry to a destruction as rapid and complete as that of Poland.

Following his graduation as Bachelor of Arts, on February 7, 1749, he left Trinity College, to the regret only of the beggars and dependants on the meagre returns of the street ballads which he seems to have turned out with some industry. He thereupon returned to Longford, where for three years he visited from house

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to house among his relatives and friends, where he had "the run of the kitchen", and was "the life of the party" for the sons of the well-to-do who were soon to forget him and to leave his most pitiful and eloquent appeals for help and sympathy unanswered. Shores and hills of the Shannon, Lissoy, Ballymahon and Athlone reëchoed with their midnight song and laughter, and in the lines of *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village* we catch some of the charm and the regrets of these golden days, although we must make every allowance for the lack of realism in the picture of Auburn, and remember that there are no nightingales in the groves of Longford.

Two years in Edinburgh and another in Leyden, whither he went under the guise of student to "the great Albinus" in the Medical Faculty of the University, are periods whose details are still in the cloudy realms of conjecture; stories of dissipation pursue him from the Scottish capital, and gambling debts seem to have hurried his departure from Leyden on the road to vagabondia which proved to be the itinerary of *The Traveller*. A ready wit and tongue, the ever-famous flute in his pocket, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," he trudged through France, Flanders, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. How he managed to defray even the most meagre charges of his travel, remains something of a mystery; on the road he might consort with the laborer and share his crust and hayloft; but we know that Goldsmith saw not a little of the art and social life of certain towns and cities, so it seems more than probable that his good Uncle Contarine had never failed in his remittances.

The vagrant was back in England during February, 1756, in direst poverty, from which he emerged as an assistant to an apothecary on Fish Street Hill; then in rapid succession he registered complete failures as a practitioner at Southwark and assistant master at the Peckham Academy where, as he makes one of the characters say in his books, he "was browbeat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys"—a rather cruel picture, and an erroneous one, if it be applied as a fact to his amiable relations with the Milners and their pupils. At this period began his active career in letters. He had board and lodgings with a Mr. Griffiths, printer and proprietor of *The*

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Monthly Review, a free hand in criticism, and a salary into the bargain. Shortly after, he published *An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe* and passed from *The Monthly* to *The Critical Review*.

Goldsmith almost immediately took his due rank among the writers of London; he was little different from the others in his bitter struggles to make his bread, and procure the fantastic elegance which he is said to have worn so carelessly. Accepted by Johnson and his circle, he had the run of all their clubs and gatherings, and if we can only keep on guard against the malicious insinuations of Boswell, we shall see in him a brilliant, irresponsible Irishman who was not infrequently mocking with the dry fantasy and irony peculiar to the Hibernian the solemn audience that thought him stupid. He seems to have had the friendship of the most worthy personages of his day; he might squabble with Garrick and complain of Colman's intrigues against the success of *She Stoops to Conquer:* but its instant success and the triumphant acclaim of *The Deserted Village* show that there was no organized opposition to their author. Some of the most refined people in the world of fashion, notably the family of his "Jessamy Bride", entertained him and travelled with him on the Continent; but when it came to business matters and the decorum, if not the propriety, of his later years there seems to have been serious cause for complaint. He procured large advances upon his uncompleted manuscripts and plunged carelessly deeper and deeper into debt until at his death, in spite of large earnings and advances, he was in arrears for over two thousand pounds, a great sum in those days, particularly for an author.

When the end came, it found him among the poor hangers-on and dependants who had figured so largely in the troubles of every period of his life; he had, no doubt, in spite of all his charm, proved a trying problem to his greater and more conservative friends, who, however, gathered at the news of his decease and procured for him the highest honors England can show to her men of genius.

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PET VIRTUES

BY ELMER EDGAR STOLL

L'inconvénient du règne de l'opinion, qui d'ailleurs procure la liberté, c'est qu'elle se mêle de ce dont elle n'a que faire; par exemple: la vie privée. De là la tristesse de l'Amérique et de l'Angleterre.—STENDHAL (1830).

THE word morals or ethics, in the various languages, means, of course, manners; and the origin of moral judgments lies mainly in what is social and religious, at a time when the two were almost one and the same. It lies in the taboo, which regarded both men and the god who dwelt with them. Not to do this, that, or the other pleased the god—that is, his worshippers; and the notion since then has only been deepened and idealized.

I

Nature, however, cannot be suppressed. Every society has its pet virtues but also—though it does not call them that—its pet sins. What the community seek and approve of, to be sure, is not sin but virtue; but if they be forbidden one thing they must have another. The Mohammedans, like the ancient Hebrews, went in for plural marriages, and they were forbidden wine. The Mormons of late went in for plural marriages, and they were forbidden not only wine but (what in Utah touched them more nearly) hot drinks and tobacco. Life must not be all pleasure, and for all, life must be alike. To make amends periodical fastings, mournings, and mortifications of the flesh have been required of (and by) almost every people under the sun. And so license is granted to make the other amends. In those countries of Europe today where divorce is difficult, irregular connections, particularly on the part of the males, are condoned or winked at; where divorce is easy they are condemned. In the Middle Ages, when marriages were wholly "arranged," adultery was recognized as almost the only relation of true love; and since on the Continent this is still the case with marriage, it is still more or

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less the case with love. And where divorce is difficult for the lower classes, as in England, conjugal quarreling—wife-beating or husband-baiting—seems amongst those classes to excite less comment or disapproval. In France or America why quarrel? It were a superfluity of naughtiness.

Often the penalty to be paid by the community is paid vicariously. The women must be chaste that the men may be sensual; or the priests and holy women must be chaste that the people may be sensual as a whole. In the Dark Ages celibacy was demanded of the clergy, historians tell us, by the people themselves. There were riots until the communal conscience was thus appeased.

II

No people, perhaps, is more moral than another; all have their ways, manners, or unwritten code. But some peoples more than others repress their natural instincts; and that is what we do. Our pet virtue, in minor matters, is abstinence, and there being no deputies or proxies—nuns, vestals, or Nazarites—it is abstinence for all. That we are still a people of Puritans there can be no doubt. Other peoples have mingled with ours but gradually, and as they have learned the language they have taken up the *mores*—learned our ways. Why all this to-do about Americanization? The assimilating—centripetal—instinct in our people is irresistible, unresisted. All the new-comers immediately forget they are new, and they or their children—Swedes, Germans, Slavs, or Jews—change their names for the names of Puritans. We are birds of a feather, or soon become such. In a French railway compartment I once met a Russian, newly returned from America, who referred to "our common Anglo-Saxon race". And in Boston and thereabouts the Irish politician, addressing on Evacuation Day his Irish or Italian Catholic constituents, eulogizes "our Pilgrim forefathers"—English though they were and deadly enemies of the Pope.

But in a sense he is right. The shadow or fiery cloud of Puritanism hangs over the land. All through the West, where foreign elements are still more predominant, there are Puritan ways and sentiments, foreign to the blood. What but Puritan (or

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German pietist, which is the equivalent) are communities and settlements like those at Oneida, Zoar, or Zion City, or the summer resorts where no man can abide who drinks, chews, smokes, bets, dances, breaks the Sabbath, or plays cards? Whole States and many individual towns in the Middle West forbid the sale or use of tobacco. Travellers have to be apprised of this by the porter, when alighting from the train to stretch their legs. For smoking in a hotel lobby at Salt Lake City two men were taken into custody. There, if our comic papers were not so timorous, was the opportunity of a lifetime—the picture of the two caught redhanded, in the flush and rapture of carnal indulgence, in the citadel of Brigham Young. There was the true comic contrast, the moral incongruity and the straining at a gnat. But it was a Puritan act, in a Puritan city, being the severe and indignant punishment of a purely private and personal transgression. For the Latter Day Saints who arrested Gentiles for smoking were descended from the Saints who killed their prelatical King, and only followed farther, belatedly, the Puritan bent for petty personal prohibitions, for making the law of God the law of the State, and for devoting themselves, not to the arts or the humanities, but to religion, industry and money-making, and the replenishing of the earth. As with the Puritans, even their pleasures were sad and practical. Polygamy was to them a duty—suggested to them (as to John Milton, if they had known it) by the Old Testament, which the Puritans too preferred. And indeed it is no merry matter, and a pleasure not unmixed, to take to oneself a dozen wives. It is a "cross" or "burden," not a "mercy".

The Puritans, we know, had texts and mottoes "frowning down" from the walls of shop or living room, just as in milder form we have unto this day, to the amusement of foreigners. Now, indeed, they are often exhortations and admonitions to cheerfulness, which also has been made a virtue and duty. "Be glum," said the old Puritans; "Cheer up," "Keep smiling," say the new; but in either case it is an exhortation—be not what you are. "If you can't smile yourself," says another motto, "imitate one who can." If you consider our comfort, you do not.

And every here and there are little eruptions of blue laws in the

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land, both in the East and in the West. Now and then the town whipping post is again erected, in a fit or paroxysm of local zeal. We are always frantically "cleaning up" the town, with "rally" or revival or a citizens' ticket labelled "Reform". We work up spirit and manufacture emotion, in town or college, before a crusade or a football game. Municipal government in our country has been notoriously ineffective; but the curious thing to observe is how this spirit of zeal asserts itself in outbreaks of severity, legislative or administrative, against minor and purely private misdemeanors, while greater evils pass unchallenged—against smoking and chewing, betting and gaming, profanity and Sabbath-breaking, the shortness of skirts and the lowness of necks, the spooning in Fords and the drawing down of the blinds in limousines. Ten years ago, in one of the largest cities of the West, men were not allowed to go in bathing without the rudiments of sleeves. The sight of their arm-pits was disquieting. One of the Southern Legislatures has passed a law to the same effect, so impetuously that they neglected to limit the prohibition to bathing in public. The same Legislature had, in anxiety for the public welfare, just prohibited the teaching of evolution; and all this zeal for virtue in a State which, because of the repudiation of public debts contracted before the Civil War and during it, has found it impossible (till recently, at least) to borrow money.

Last winter the police in one of the large Middle West cities, instead of running down burglars and murderers, pounced upon a half-dozen restaurant keepers who countenanced fortune-telling with tea-leaves; and a week or so later announced that on New Year's Eve, despite the adverse ruling of the Prohibition Administrator, they "would concentrate on cracked ice and ginger ale set-ups". So they swallow camels.

Schools and colleges periodically purge themselves, revive the honor system or build bonfires out of their improper books and pictures. This last may be action well taken; but the other "stumbling blocks" are such as the Puritans raged against—starch and feathers, ribbons and gay colors, church-bells and music, dancing and mirth. Is not the grey, brown, or black of the male attire today, where save in socks or necktie is nothing to give the senses either pleasure or pain, almost wholly of their

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making? As the uniform garb of democracy (which last inherited also the Puritan levelling, king-killing tendencies) it spread from England over Europe and America. But here, as nowhere in England or Europe, the slightest deviations from the standard are jealously guarded against—not now as something wicked, to be sure, but as affected, unmanly, undemocratic or un-American.

A few years ago the policemen in one of the largest Western cities—for corruption they were notorious—were forbidden by their Chief to wear wrist-watches. "No mollycoddles," said he; no slackening of the moral fibre, or impairing of the prestige of the force! Dress, manners, speech (particularly of the refined variety), what we eat, drink, and smoke, and the very names we bear (though of course they are none of our choosing), all are censored. Like the Puritans, we are keepers and guardians not merely of our own conscience but of one another's, as the Lord Chancellor is of the King's; and we see to it, not like the ancient Romans that the Republic may receive no harm, but that no man may. It is a bracing atmosphere, truly; thin and dry.

III

The Puritans drank, indeed, for that question had then not arisen; hygiene was not taught or understood; and tea, coffee, chocolate, and soft drinks, with their myriad names, had not come into use. But long after the Puritans—after the Mormons, even—Puritanism has lived and wrought. Though still resisted by large elements in the population today, Prohibition could hardly have been incorporated in the Constitution if the majority of the people, as well as of the legislators, had not favored it; and they would not have favored it had they not already been practising the principle in their lives. The American Puritans drank, like the English, but their drinks were strong and bad—not wine which maketh glad the heart of man, but rum and hard cider which trouble the stomach. Rum and cider should be enough to turn any people into total abstainers—enough, taken or not taken, to lengthen their faces and thicken their gloom. And of late, before Prohibition became the law of the land, few native-born

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families in America drank beer, wine, or other alcoholic liquor at the table, the universal practice in France, Italy and Germany; and still fewer families looked with favor upon one who was known to frequent public houses, or would consider him fit for alliance with them in marriage. There has been a process of *virtuous* selection—teetotal inbreeding—as it were. So it is the Puritan—the Dissenting, Nonconformist—element in English and Scottish life today, which, even with good drink comparatively cheap, practises total abstinence, and is advocating prohibition for Great Britain; whereas in France, Germany, Italy, and Southern Ireland no doubt too, there is no such movement at all. Long before Prohibition came, indeed, many of the American sects had done away with alcohol at the sacrament. Jesus turned water into wine, but they for conscience's sake have turned His wine into grapejuice. Like Uzzah of old they laid hands upon the Ark of God to steady it. If need were, they would lay hands upon the Throne.

Milk or water would have been franker, and the substitution, as early as 1833, was first made, it seems, by none other than Joseph Smith, the Mormon. For this virtuous evasion of the precept of the Master he has by American Protestantism and Puritanism up to now not been given his due. When a moral issue arose he too could meet it. All that is taught in the Bible is temperance, and what but the spirit of Puritanism could have turned this nobler idea, almost peculiar to the Greeks, into "total abstinence," and that which is total abstinence for one into total abstinence for every mother's son and father's daughter? During the last half century it has been the religious people in the country who agitated for Prohibition, despite the Last Supper and the miracle of Cana. The human mind cuts strange capers, turns strange somersaults, in religion above all. How could they, Sunday after Sunday, read the words or hear them, and have no doubts or qualms? The miracle? Grapejuice, they say, with the snap of conviction, knowing that for all things now, good or bad, there are imitations or substitutes, and the genuine article cannot be found even at the communion table. "Any fool knows," cried one of late, more zealous than guarded, "that you can't make real wine in a minute;" and the miracle

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thus becomes a hoax or an illusion, all Cana and Galilee being taken in. To his pet virtues a Puritan would sacrifice his faith.

IV

The spirit of Puritanism still hovers over us—only it flies at other game. Prohibition of liquor takes the place of other ascetic observances—as fastings, mournings, the rigors of Sabbath keeping and church going—and of other prohibitions—as of theatre going, card playing, and dancing, or of colors and feathers, lovelocks, and long hair. In the midst of the growing laxity and luxury, it was high time. Life must not be all beer and skittles, and since there are skittles enough in all conscience there must be no beer. Cakes there are, quoth Malvolio, but there shall be no ale. For a virtue—a prohibition—there must be. The thing goes so far even as to become the prohibition of the discussion of Prohibition. One is deprived even of the luxury of a protest, the sound satisfaction of a kick. It is wonderful how the satire in our periodicals spares all the tender spots and tramps on no toes that make any show of resistance. But just so it was in Puritan days—there was no more freedom for writer and printer than for maypole dancer or Anabaptist.

In a recent leading article there was satire upon the intolerance of the unco guid for prize fighting, cigarette smoking, novel reading and meat eating, but not a word about drinking, though the writer was no doubt aching to put it in.

I do not know how it is with stories nowadays, but when in writing for a widely circulated American magazine nearly a score of years ago, Mr. Kipling happened to use the words "a glass of wine," he was requested by cable to change it. I wonder if it expurgates lyric verse, where wine is as indispensable as roses and nightingales. "Drink to me only with thine eyes"—but even that song would not pass the wariest censor.

It is a wonder that Holy Writ is still printed aright. If one could but cable! Ah! if one could but get a reply! Notwithstanding, it should be changed, or else again withheld from the laity—like the Cup. In Chicago it has already been turned into the American language, and thereby no doubt many a hard word

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softened. But in that language the word "wine" or its equivalent is still in use, and mere translation will not do. We must deal righteously—that is, unrighteously—there must be substitutions or omissions. Really the book should appear only in judiciously chosen extracts, without the candid but suggestive asterisks, like Dodd's *Beauties of Shakespeare* and the Reverend Thomas Bowdler's *Family Shakespeare*, dear to grandmothers. For the Family Bible is no longer for the family—is so called only because of its size, and a little but stricter one is what is needed now. The charter is too ample, Thy commandment exceeding broad.

Total abstinence is our pet virtue, quite our own. We have it to point to as the saints and martyrs in the Old Masters have their wounds or the instruments of their torture. *Ecce!*—but why, *malgré nous*, must we *all* win halo or crown? "*Virtue* loves company," as I have elsewhere said, "willing or unwilling; vice has other consolations." Still, that is not the whole of it. Temperance is an unconscious virtue; total abstinence, a conscious, costly one; and the full relish and sweet savor of a virtue is not felt until it is shared. Its own reward? It isn't a virtue, even, until it is regarded and acknowledged as such. Total abstinence, then, means total abstinence for all. Virtues—taboos—know no exceptions, are no respecters of persons or tastes. As a nation and race we are to be saved, not singly and in private or even of our own will. The "community life" of which we have heard so much—the community singing—has begun. The lockstep has started. The spirit of Puritanism conspires together with the spirit of nationalism, intenser now than ever—and we are to be one people, one fold, one soul, no doubt, at last.

For the fanatic's passion is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. I know of a good youth who, when the Volstead law was passed, wrote a long letter to his good old father. For both it was the beginning of what in the magazines is still buoyantly called a "New World", though only thinking now makes it so. This was the dawn of it, bleak but bracing—"fit for heroes (yet fitter for weaklings) to live in", for heroes only if they be such already. Neither, I judge, had ever known the taste of wine, or—perfect in weakness also—of eggnogs; but now, save in memory,

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none of their countrymen was to know it either. No man among a hundred million was (legitimately) to get drunk, or drink a toast, or have a glass of wine or beer at dinner, till the end of days. Then to them and their like was vouchsafed one of the few perfect pleasures of a lifetime, that of doing millions of people good, even unto the third and thirty-third generation, and of withholding from them a pleasure which the reformers would not permit themselves. The sweet and delectable thing, to do men good against their will! To bottle a nation up—all its bottles having been broken—and seal it, kicking and screaming, unto an everlasting abstinence! For in other countries they merely passed a law: these wrote it on tables of bronze, in the Constitution.

"We are the makers of manners, Kate!" cried King Henry; and here are the makers of morals. Thousands of Prohibition officers (and W. C. T. U. and Anti-Saloon League officers) are kept busy, millions of dollars are squandered,—and thereby other thousands are prompted straightway to take to the pangs and poisons of bootleg and home-brew and the delightful deviltry of law-breaking,—all in order that still other thousands may enjoy the satisfaction, both moral and unmoral, of making us, not so much a nation of Nazarites or Rechabites, Mussulmans or Mormons, as alike, forever like themselves. It is the old struggle with a new issue, the old story with new names. It is the Puritans against the children of this world, though of these many do not care for the forbidden fruit at all. What they care for little matters—there's the rub—least of all that what they care for most is simply to be themselves.

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

EDITORIALLY REVIEWED

The Tribute to the President

It will not escape notice that the tenor of the political campaign pays by implication an extraordinary tribute to the President. Before the nominating conventions it was generally agreed, in both parties, that if he should consent to be a candidate his reëlection by an overwhelming majority would be a matter of course. As he did not choose to run, his party nominated the man whom a large majority of its leaders regarded as its next strongest candidate. The result is that it is generally felt in both parties that the election is likely to be close. The Republicans expect to elect Mr. Hoover, but realize that every possible effort will have to be made to that end; while the Democrats sincerely believe that they have a fair prospect of electing Mr. Smith. As Mr. Coolidge was elected in 1924 by a popular majority of more than seven millions, the moral is obvious. He would, in popular opinion, have been in this campaign stronger than the supposedly next best man in his party by several million votes. We can scarcely recall a more significant personal and political tribute to any man than that.

Poincaré's Triumph Complete

The almost unique triumph of M. Poincaré in the recent French elections has been followed and crowned with another and even greater one in the achievement of the work for which he sought a national vote of confidence. That was, the stabilization of the franc. In any case that would have been a noteworthy performance. But in this it was the more remarkable because it was done in the face of the strong repugnance of M. Poincaré himself and the entire nation. Every Frenchman feels it a humiliation to have the franc fixed at only one-fifth of its former value. Yet of course that was immeasurably better than

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to have it shrink into infinitesimality, as did the German mark and the Russian ruble. So both chambers of Parliament approved the plan by votes that were almost unanimous. Upon that achievement both M. Poincaré and France are entitled to the world's congratulations.

The Lesson of Louvain

A twofold lesson seems to be inculcated by the distressing dispute over the inscription on the new Library at Louvain. One part is, of course, the principle which was enunciated many centuries ago, that things which are lawful are not always expedient. We must hold that the truth is always lawful, and it will not be disputed that the legend adopted by Mr. Whitney Warren was and is absolutely true. Whether it was expedient to inscribe it upon the front of the building was, however, another and an entirely different question; the best answer to which, we should say, is suggested by this consideration: That the omission of the legend can do no possible harm, while the placing of it upon the building might have, in the minds of some, a bad effect. Of course a compromise inscription of any kind, distorting or veiling the truth, should be unthinkable. As for the Belgian people, who chiefly desired Mr. Warren's inscription to be placed there, they may console themselves with the thought that the truth, concerning the destruction of the old Library and the construction of the new, will be remembered just as well without the legend as with it.

The other part of the lesson is that of the increasing demand that the world shall forget "old, unhappy things, and battles long ago". After the lapse of centuries the Gael still curses the name of Cromwell; after a century and a half not only *Gulielmus Giganteus Chicagensis* but also many otherwise rational Americans reckon it a necessity of patriotism to execrate the memory of George III; and it is told that gallant "Joe" Wheeler, leading a charge against the Spaniards in Cuba, was still so filled with memories of a generation before that he bade his men "Give the damned Yanks hell!" But now, scarcely ten years after its close, we are bidden to renounce and forget all the passions of the World War, and to comport ourselves as though there had never

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been a *Lusitania* massacre or a rape of Louvain. Truly, if that can be achieved, the changelessness of human nature will be a discredited and discarded myth. But with all possible kindliness and good will, we have our doubts.

A Case in Point

We recently quoted a remark of Mr. J. B. Adkins, of *The Spectator* of London, about the abysmal ignorance of each other which he found existing between England and America. By curious coincidence a striking illustration of that circumstance has since appeared in the columns of that same journal. Writing in *The Spectator* of "The American Man", Mary Borden says:

> What is he like really, the real American whose father and grandfather were American born? There are first of all very few of them. One to a thousand of those others, black, yellow or brown, who speak strange languages, would be a generous estimate, so few that it is extraordinary that they have not been completely submerged.

Now, with all courtesy to the lady who wrote it and to the journal that printed it, that is sheer nonsense. Our last Federal census, of 1920, showed that more than fifty-five per cent. of the population of America consisted of American born white persons whose parents were also American born. If we reckon, as we reasonably may, that of those parents in turn fifty-five per cent. were of American born parentage, then we have "the real American whose father and grandfather were American born" forming not "one to a thousand of those others" but more than thirty per cent. of the total population. As for "those others, black, yellow or brown", they were in 1920 only about ten per cent. of the whole. In the face of such facts, patent to all, what deplorable and potentially pernicious nonsense it is to talk about third generation Americans forming only a one-thousandth part of a "polyglot mob that is not yet a race and is scarcely conscious of being a nation"! Truly, Mr. Adkins exercised moderation when he spoke of "abysmal ignorance".

The "Big Business" of Doing Good

Boasting of national wealth is not commendable, nor boasting of national philanthropies. Yet a comparative statement of

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the two, simply made, should not be offensive and should be edifying. Thus, the total gross income of the American Government in 1927 was $4,129,394,441; and the gifts of American philanthropy in the same year were authentically reported at about $2,219,700,000. Thus Americans gave away for—or devoted to—benevolent purposes a sum equal to more than one-half of the entire income of the Government. It was a sum very much larger than the entire income of any Government in the world with the exception of the American and the British, and nearly twice as large as the gross income of the largest industrial corporation in the world. In these days of "big business" it is grateful to be reminded that what we may call the business of doing good to humanity is one of the very biggest of all.

The Berkeley Bicentenary

Not Rhode Island alone, where he made his home, but all America would do well to commemorate this month's two hundredth anniversary of the sailing of George Berkeley for these shores. One of the half dozen greatest philosophers of the English speaking world, whose thoughts have been vital and potent in every metaphysical controversy for two centuries, and one of the noblest philanthropists of his age, he was quite supreme as the seer and prophet of the greatness that was to be America. It would be well if his masterpiece *Alciphron*, inspired by his American sojourn, were as familiar to us all as is his usually misquoted line, "Westward the course of Empire takes its way".

What is Propaganda?

Members of the National Education Association are doubtless right in condemning propaganda in the public schools, provided the term be properly interpreted. The trouble is that propaganda is usually nothing but the teaching of the other fellow. Thus the teaching of unpreparedness and non-resistance is condemned by some as pacifist propaganda; while the teaching of preparedness and national defense is equally condemned by others as militaristic propaganda. Apparently the only way to avoid the charge of "propaganda" from some source would be to teach nothing at all.

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Whittling

President Coolidge's whimsical suggestion that after the expiration of his term he might engage largely in the New Englander's favorite outdoor and indoor sport of whittling was singularly logical and consistent. In the last fiscal year he—or his Administration—has whittled $900,000,000 off the public debt, and $220,000,000 off our taxes, and has made a heap of whittlings amounting to $398,000,000 for a Treasury surplus. There indeed was whittling worthy of the finest jackknife that ever bore the name of Joel Barlow.

"Wind Pumpers"

Marshal Pilsudski resigned the Premiership of Poland because of his weariness with the "wind pumpers" in Parliament. If his example in that respect were generally followed, it would be hard to find a Government without resignations.

Praying or Swearing?

Recent anniversary celebrations have provoked revival of the questions whether Washington went into the woods and prayed at Valley Forge, and whether he "swore like an angel" six months later at the Battle of Monmouth. Probably positive proof in either case can never be secured; but it may pretty confidently be said that testimony to the former is about a dozen times as strong and convincing as that to the latter.

Efficient Feminism

It was entirely in keeping with the kaliedoscopic changes to which political life and personalities have long been subject that Mrs. Pankhurst, after being for years a stormy petrel of Radical insurgency, should close her career as a Conservative candidate for a seat in the House of Commons. The change, moreover, was no more in herself than in the political parties and the whole nation around her. Despite the domestic grief which clouded and shortened her life, she had profound satisfaction in the triumph of the cause for which she had battled. In no other country were the political rights of women sought by so violent—physically violent—means as in England, and in none have those

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rights been exercised with so finely tempered judgment and with so high a degree of success. It was a long way from window smashing and incendiarism to filling with approved distinction such places as the mayoralties of Liverpool and Southampton. Nor can we repress a certain feeling of mingled envy and regret when we contrast these latter achievements with the deplorable performances of one of the first and most conspicuous woman officeholders in America. In view of the record thus far made by women in public life, Britons may anticipate the advent of the multitudinous "flapper vote" with a large measure of equanimity and confidence.

The "Isolation" Myth

The internationalists and Meddlesome Matties of this country have evidently not succeeded in persuading intelligent Europeans that America under the Monroe Doctrine is the Simeon Stylites of nations. Witness, for example, the eminent historian, Robert Balmain Mowat, of Corpus Christi, Oxford, in *The Nineteenth Century*. Discussing "America's Foreign Policy" he says, roundly:

> Actually the history of the United States in the one hundred years before 1919 was not one of isolation. The United States had widespread international relations in which it took a legitimate pride, for they were animated by honorable principles. The United States was party to eighty-five arbitrations. For sixty years it coöperated like any other State in international affairs.

There, in the words of Hosea Biglow, "there ye hev it plain an' flat"; what Earl Balfour would call the cubical, concrete, congealed truth. Yet doubtless featherheaded nitwits will continue to cheep and chitter about our fearsome "traditional policy of isolation." In the name of the Prophet, figs!

America Leads for Peace

We quote the headlines of a leading news dispatch from Paris of recent date:

> PARIS ACCEPTS KELLOGG PEACE PACT IN FULL. CABINET APPROVES EARLY SIGNING WITHOUT MODIFICATION. EXPERTS PASS DRAFT AT BERLIN MEETING. CHAMBERLAIN TELLS HOUSE BRITAIN WILL DISPATCH FAVORABLE NOTE SOON.

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This is not a time for chauvinism or for highfalutin. Rather is it for serious thought and solemn reflection; more even than in the dread crisis of a declaration of war. Yet with a devout mingling of subjective humility and objective exultation it may be permitted to Americans to echo the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury when, speaking in the House of Lords, he said of this same proposal for the outlawry of war:

> I believe it will stand out in history as one of the most remarkable that have been made in the story of civilization and the world.

It was America that led, in 1794, for arbitration as a substitute for war in composing international controversies. It was America that, in 1823, adopted the Golden Rule as a principle of international policy. It was America that, in 1899 and in 1907, led the world in the establishment for the first time in history of a permanent international tribunal, not only of arbitration but also of adjudication, before which all the disputes of all the nations might be taken for pacific settlement. And now, in 1928, it is this same America that leads the world in making an international enactment for the outlawry of war. It is enough. With that record we are content.

Bandit against Bolshevist

Chang Tso-lin, Chinese Marshal and dictator, began his career as a bandit and ended it as a tower of conservatism. Ruthless in his ways and means, he was for years the protector of foreigners at Pekin, and the indomitable defender of China against the intrigues and aggressions of Bolshevist Russia. His seizure of the Chinese Eastern Railway may have been arbitrary and high-handed, but it was effective in saving the country from the unclean ravages of the Bear. Remembrance of him may well be marked with gratitude.

Our War Senator

America will be ungrateful and history will be unjust if the name of George Earle Chamberlain is not emblazoned upon our annals as that of our great War Senator. Even before the World War began, he was one of the foremost protagonists of national defense. In the early part of the war, when the Pres-

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ident was preaching that preparedness would be sinful, he roused the spirit of the Senate and of the nation to the enactment of the measures needed for victory, and with an outburst of righteous vehemence not often rivalled since the Philippics themselves, goaded a reluctant Administration into war-winning activity. Among the civilian heroes of the war, he stood in the foremost rank, and made the nation and the world his debtor.

The Arctic Inferno

Norse mythology appropriately made its infernal regions a realm of ice and storm and darkness, fittingly typified by the great lone lands and raging seas about the Arctic Pole. Generations ago Willoughby and Bering and Hudson sought to invade that place of doom, followed later by Parry and Scoresby and Franklin. In our own time the resources of advancing science were more and more brought to bear, by Hall and Hayes and DeLong and Greely and Nansen, often with no better results than those of the primitive voyagers. Finally Peary and Byrd and Amundsen attained the goal of adventurous desire. But Nobile and Amundsen himself have since discovered that the latest words of science fall silent and futile in that inhospitable air. The spirit of man will not yield, but will continue to strive against even the most hostile elements; but not yet has it won the mastery of the mysterious and malignant North.

Preparation That Does Not Prepare

Complaint is renewed, probably with some reason, of the unsatisfactory preparation for college which is provided by many secondary schools. For this state of affairs there are doubtless various causes, ranging from Gradgrindish standardization in some public schools to lack of adequate endowment in some private institutions. Conspicuous among them, in the opinion of many authorities, is the somewhat paradoxical one that too many schools devote themselves too much to college preparatory work. Some of them, indeed, call themselves "preparatory" schools, as though their chief if not sole aim were to enable boys and girls to pass college entrance examinations. It ought to be obvious, to all who know their Froebel, that students who are

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thus specifically "prepared" for college, while they may pass the technical examinations successfully, are quite likely to be found ill prepared to pursue the courses of the colleges which they have entered; and that those best prepared for college work are likelier to be those who have pursued high school courses designed to give them the best possible education as a finality and without any thought of their going on to higher institutions. We were most favorably impressed by the recent words of Dr. Boynton, an officer of the National Education Association, to the effect that "the preparing of boys and girls for college is a mere detail in the broad programme of a great high school;" and that the true objective of high schools is not to train students for higher education but to prepare them for American conditions of life. If students thus educated in the secondary schools are not found to be well prepared for college courses, why, so much the worse for the colleges.

"Reading and Writing Dangerous"

It is easy to sympathize with Mr. Gandhi's desire to see the rehabilitation of cottage industries throughout India, even though we are compelled to consider it quite impossible of realization—as impossible as was John Ruskin's like desire for England. We may also understand his preference for Indian rather than English schools for Indians. But we must regard with amazement and with impregnable dissent the proposition that "reading and writing are dangerous things" which should not be taught to Indian children. We do not know that Mr. Gandhi holds such a notion. But it has recently been put forward publicly by an eminent Indian publicist, Mr. Mukerji, while visiting this country to give Americans a true account of India and to contradict some writings which he thinks have done that land grave injustice. He is reported to have said that India does not teach her children to read and write, because "reading and writing are such dangerous things that no one should learn them until his character is formed". That seems to us scarcely less illogical than to say that nobody should go into the water until he has learned to swim. It also seems like a purpose to keep the masses of the Indian people in a state of subjection to an aristo-

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cratic minority caste, very much as they were in the times of the Mogul emperors; with which it is impossible to agree.

"Conversion" out of Fashion?

We should think that the Evangelical churches of this country would take very much to heart, for serious consideration and, if possible, action, the presumably authentic statements which were recently made at a meeting of the Men's Church League in this city. These were to the effect that in approximately one-third of the churches the making of converts to Christianity had ceased. Explicitly: Of 9,299 Presbyterian churches, 3,269 last year reported not a single convert or member received on newly-made profession of faith. Of 8,765 Baptist churches, 3,474 made a like report; and of 16,581 Methodist Episcopal churches, 4,651 did the same. The special significance of these figures is in the fact that they refer to the three great denominations which have traditionally been foremost in "evangelical" work; that is, in converting unbelievers to Christianity. In former years, and for very many years, it was the rule in practically all those churches to hold for a few weeks every year special services variously known as "evangelistic", "revivals", and "protracted meetings". Such things are now comparatively little known; in thousands of churches entirely unknown; and even the ordinary church "prayer-meetings" have been largely discontinued, even in some Methodist Episcopal churches of which they were once the most essential characteristic. It would be interesting to know if the churches have come to regard such "means of grace" as obsolete; and if so, what they purpose to substitute for them as agencies for the Christianization of the world.

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THE CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER

BY BURGES JOHNSON

A CORRESPONDENT who criticizes a recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW objects especially to this bucolic Barrel, and adds the admonishing comment, "Deacons do not swear."

Now I do not feel in the least obliged to defend the Deacon. He is as God made him, with lineaments somewhat blurred in transmission by my poor pen. But in the name of all Cracker Barrel philosophy I do protest a generalization so absurd. How many deacons has the gentleman known? What proportion are they of the total number of living deacons, not to mention those that have gone to their several rewards? I have an ingrained respect for deacons as a class, just as I have for the patient order of Sunday School superintendents. But if, for instance, he had written, "Sunday School superintendents do not embezzle," I could answer that I know personally of two who did, and I have heard of another who fell with the Tweed Ring.

No, I suspect that deacons and Sunday School superintendents and vestrymen and church trustees are but weak human vessels like the rest of us; and perhaps some of them deserve their sacerdotal honors the more because they are humbly conscious of frailty. I have heard of deacons who eagerly attended tax sales, and delighted in foreclosures, with no consideration for the poor, and yet they never, never, used profanity. And I know of at least one whose tongue slips at times into the habits of unregenerate youth, but with so much of simple kindliness in him and such an overflowing goodwill that you know his informalities of speech are only tongue-deep.

So much for the deacon part of that reproving generality; and I have still to ask our correspondent what he means by swearing. To the best of my recollection "damn" is the worst charge he can bring against the old gentleman; and what, pray, does that mean nowadays? Granted that once upon a time it was an

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appeal to the Almighty, invoking Him to condemn some soul to torment, yet who associates with the word today all of that ponderous purpose? If our critic insists upon primitive constructions then he must ban all such verbal flotsam as *Mercy! Goodness!* and *Gracious!* for they are "vain" appeals to the virtues of God; and he must classify as profane such abbreviations and evasions as *Gee!* and *Gosh!* and *Golly!* And as for *Dear Me!* I trust it never passes his lips, since it is but a thin disguise for *Dio mio—My God!*

Swearing, the dictionary tells me, is an appeal for divine penalty or sanction. Obviously if any word has long since ceased to have an invocational meaning it is not profane. Deacons do not swear, forsooth! Some do. Some might much better swear than do what they are doing. And some who seem to swear aren't really swearing. *Quod erat demonstrandum, b'gosh!*

* * * * *

These words are penned in the well-known city of Paris, France, and it was my blessed privilege to cross on the same boat with the Deacon and his wife. It is an adventure that he has threatened for years. "Before I die," he has said to me more than once, "I'm goin' to take Ma to Europe and up in a flyin' machine." Now he is likely to accomplish both within the year, though no one had expected so sudden a decision. As I am foot loose until fall, I have begged permission to join them here and there; so now we find ourselves comfortably housed in a tidy hotel near the Champs Élysées, paying about two dollars and eighty cents apiece a day for pleasant rooms and two meals. The rocking of the boat is still perceptible, and sightseeing is postponed awhile. But the Deacon has already tested two brands of French tobacco and is in a fair way to make himself sick on *hors d'ouvres*. He has an unquenchable curiosity.

I am astonished at his adaptability. Mrs. Stebbins retired early to their room; but the Deacon and I sat for an hour in an open-air restaurant, sipping French cider and watching the sidewalk panorama.

"I guess a man has to get outside his own country in order to see it clearly," he remarked, after we had gazed awhile in silence.

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"I ain't any lower percentage American than I was, but I can see that these folks have mastered the art of livin' a little better than we have. They can take their pleasures simply. They know how to *season* things. Our own folks are too likely to eat the seasonin'.

"Did you notice, for instance," he continued cheerfully, "that a number of folks got drunk on our boat, comin' over, an' they were all Americans? It interested me so I asked one of the Dutch officers, an' he said that it was always so. I've been lookin' at these crowds here in these sidewalk cafés all eatin' an' drinkin', but nobody botherin' anybody else, an' nobody drunk. Now I'll bet my farm that if they sold liquor like this along the sidewalks of any Main Street at home, there'd be half a dozen fights to the block at any given time, an' too many loud voiced fellows singin' 'Sweet Adaline' off the key."

"It will startle a lot of your home neighbors," I suggested, "if you carry back the opinion that the French are a more moral people than ourselves."

"I don't know anything about their morals," said the Deacon. "I just know they're older'n we are. We've proved we're too young to be trusted with liquor, and I guess we're too young to know how to rest ourselves at the end of a business day. The kind of restin' we do tires us more than workin'. As for morals, I guess they don't recognize political boundaries. Even the Pilgrim Fathers were a good part French Huguenot."

"I'm afraid, Deacon, you're getting to be an Internationalist."

The Deacon looked at me gravely, and shook his head.

"I believe in family life," he said; "but I don't believe family loyalty ought to keep families from gettin' together in a community. An' I don't believe national loyalty ought to keep us from gettin' together with other nations."

"I'm afraid you want Uncle Sam to forgive the war debts."

"I do," said the old gentleman, grinning sheepishly, "until some European statesman tells us we *ought* to. Then I feel like collectin' the last cent."

"But think of the millions American tourists take to Europe every year!"

"What's that got to do with it? You show me the tourist that

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don't try to get the full worth of his money while he's over here. He ain't bringin' it as a gift to the French Republic."

We sat in silence for a time, listening to a singer who made his tuneful way among the tables.

"No, the U. S. A. still suits me best," the Deacon suddenly resumed, "but that don't keep me from discoverin' ways in which I hope she'll improve as she grows older. Some day I hope she'll spend more brains and money on looks. I s'pose this is the most beautiful city on earth, an' of course it took *time*. But we haven't scarcely begun to paint the telephone poles on Main Street, an' we still chop down a good tree to widen a sidewalk. I guess we'll move forward faster when more of our folks have really travelled."

"But I thought all America was travelling abroad. You'd think so from our boat-load."

"No sirree! Ninety-five per cent. of 'em are still busy seein' America first. Why, just notice the bothers we American travellers have with our own rules and regulations, such as inspections and expensive *visas* an' all that stuff. The folks that govern England are all travellers so they make travellin' simple an' easy. But the folks that really govern us aren't interested yet in foreign travel, so they make rules that pester travellers."

Again, we sat in silence drinking in the sights and sounds.

"You know they must be a great people," mused the Deacon, "when you figger that every darn one of 'em knows how to pronounce French words."

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IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

NATHAN HALE, *nephew of the martyred spy, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for December, 1818, explained how Connecticut became the "land of steady habits":*

No one of the States has preserved a more decided and distinctly marked character than Connecticut. Among the first settlers of that colony, were some of the most intelligent, pious and discreet of the early pilgrims; and in building up their little republic, it was an object of their special care, to provide for perpetuating the virtues which had driven them to this country. They not only made abundant provision for the general education of their children, and for the religious instruction of the people, but guarded, by a strict civil and ecclesiastical discipline, against immorality in every form, and particularly against the fashionable vices of other countries. The growth of that State has been principally by the natural increase of its inhabitants, so that their character has been liable to little change from the intermixture of a foreign population; and such has been the nature of their pursuits, and the compactness of their situation, that they have had comparatively little intercourse with the people of foreign countries, or of the neighbouring colonies and states. To these causes of their distinct national, or rather provincial character, should be added their strong attachment to their native State—the high estimate which they have always put upon their peculiar privileges—and the pride with which they have regarded their own institutions and laws, and their general character and condition.

The unsurpassed rank of the Engineering Profession today presents a striking contrast to its former low estate, as indicated by LOAMMI BALDWIN, *one of the foremost engineers of his time, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for December, 1818:*

From this view of the manner in which the profession of an engineer has been kept from rising to the notice and encouragement its importance demands, we may perceive why so little information can be procured, and so few men found capable of directing costly and difficult works. Few minds are compe-

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tent to the arduous studies, critical observation and philosophical mechanics, on which alone a valuable artist can be formed. No school has been opened, no board of works created, no society of engineers established, nor any constant, profitable employment offered in the United States for the encouragement of this highly valuable but unaspiring profession. Whatever experience has or might have taught, is scattered among a multitude of ingenious and contriving men, without any one having been employed long enough to rise into prominent reputation.

JOHN KNAPP, *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for December, 1818, regarded America as the fitting home of the Poetic Muse:*

A country is undeniably the more endeared by the multitude of its tender and heroical tales and memoirs, fabulous as well as authentic. Let us then not slight even its barbarian annals. Let us not only revisit the dwellings of the European settler exposed to savage incursions, and every variety of affecting vicissitude; but let us hasten to acquaint ourselves with the earlier native. . . . And why should not these vast and magnificent regions have been the haunts of majestic spirits, such as imbodied themselves with mist, and shaped them from the clouds, so as to be seen of heroes and bards of other days? Our tall, dense forest are fitter for the mysterious abodes of the shadowy powers, and our hills lead farther into the sky;—our mountains present a firmer pathway through the clouds, for the descent of the rushing hosts that deign a concern for the affairs of mortals. In every place, wherever we rest or walk, we may feel, in fancy, the animating spirit, declared by ancient philosophers and poets to pervade the stupendous frame of nature;—we may feel its life-breathing motions, perceive its immortal complacency in the gleamings which break from out the hillside and the plain; and listen to its supernatural promptings.

JOHN FARRAR, *mathematician and educator, forecast the present multitude of Learned Societies, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for December, 1818:*

We regard the establishment of learned societies as one of the principal causes, that have contributed to the rapid progress of the mind during the two last centuries. The ancient philosophers were involved in perpetual disputes, and those of later times were too much secluded from each other and from the world. The learned societies of the present day are united to each other, by a common object, by frequent intercourse, by a mutual exchange of the fruits of their labours, and by a reciprocation of honours and civilities. They embrace persons of all ranks and all professions, the nobleman and the mechanic, the merchant and the scholar, the statesman and the man of business, the observer of nature and the speculative man. They invite to all sorts of inquiries,

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they profess themselves of no school, they adopt no dogmas; in the examination of nature they acknowledge no authority, but reason, and they propose no end, but the discovery of truth and the advancement of the dignity and welfare of mankind. Noble, sublime project, worthy the most enlightened nations of the most enlightened age of the world.

WILLIAM HAZLITT, *the famous critic, suffered criticism as scathing as any of his own at the hands of* RICHARD HENRY DANA *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for March, 1819:*

Though Mr. Hazlitt frequently shows great talent and taste, he is not qualified for the task he has undertaken. In the midst of what is good in him, he mistakes so grossly, that we are led to suspect that he has often picked up his opinions as well as his words from others, and that when he fails, it is when he relies upon himself. He is in the midst of men of genius in London, where it is no hard thing with a good memory and some smartness, and no conscience about thefts, to put together such a book as this. Of his conduct in life we know nothing; nor if we did should we speak of it, unless we might fairly with praise; neither do we altogether like giving an opinion of a man's secret principles and disposition, from his writings; yet we must say that Mr. Hazlitt appears too loose in the one, and too envious and spleeny, where there is room for it, in the other, to treat with a correct understanding and a right delicacy and truth of feeling and sentiment, upon a subject like poetry which concerns all that is moral and refined and intellectual in our natures. He is much too full of himself to have a sincere love and interest for what is abstractly good and great, and more intent upon displaying his own fine parts, than spreading before his readers the excellencies of others.

The movement for a National Bankruptcy Law was promoted by WILLIAM JONES SPOONER *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for May, 1818:*

Let Congress then pass a bankrupt law, in the proper sense of the word; that is, one which shall apply to merchants and traders. And afterwards, if any state thinks it expedient to pass a similar law, which shall apply to farmers, lawyers, day labourers, or all other classes of their own citizens, there is nothing to prevent their so doing. We should have no objection to seeing the experiment made, although we have no wish that our own state should be the first to make it. Because a farmer, from a momentary inability to discharge a debt, should happen to commit an "act of bankruptcy,"—instantaneously to transfer his land and all his other property from his possession; to subject him to the jurisdiction of an extraordinary tribunal; to compel him, under the heaviest penalties, to give testimony against himself,—would, we suspect, be

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considered a most grievous hardship; whilst there is nothing in the pursuits of a farmer, or in the nature of his property, which demands, as in the case of the merchant, or even justifies such a departure from established usage.

In reviewing a sharp reply to an anti-American article which had appeared in "The Quarterly Review," WILLIAM TUDOR, Jr., in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for May, 1815 (its first number), had this to say of "The Quarterly's" references to two noted men:

Moore, the imitator of Anacreon, is quoted several times; but his works are too well known to require any comment. He was received, in this country, with the most open, admiring, caressing hospitality; he went away, and slandered it in some indifferent verses. He was very young at the time, and expected promotion from persons whose patronage he has since given up. If we have not been misinformed, he regrets these performances; if so, far be it from us to revive them.

We come at last to Cobbett of whom great use is made. There is no man whom the patrons of *The Quarterly Review* have "persecuted" more than the author of *Peter Porcupine*. There is no writer of the present day, whom they more deeply hate, or whose opinions they despise more sincerely. A convicted libeller on both sides of the Atlantick, he has, in a few years, gone the complete round of party in both countries. There is no man or measure that he once abused, that he does not now praise, and none that he now calumniates, that he has not formerly panegyrized. He is constant only in violence, and his style is imbued with his original profession; there is a drilling repetition of his arguments, and commanding vulgarity of manner, that more frequently recals the cane of the sergeant, than the pen of a politician. It is ominous however to any party, to whom he attaches himself; his rancour, violence and brutal abuse, did the Federalists infinite mischief, while he sided with them; and as he has now patronized their opponents, we trust his exertions may obtain for them a similar result.

One of the first high authorities to do justice to the character and political philosophy of MACHIAVELLI *was the eminent jurist* FRANCIS CALLEY GRAY, *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for September, 1817:*

Is it credible that he, who had made it the labour of his life, and no idle life, to support a republick, who had connected with that form of government his fortune and his reputation, who had fallen with it, and had hazarded his life for its re-establishment, should, without any apparent aim of interest or ambition, become the open advocate of tyranny; and that after this he should

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still be courted by the friends of liberty as an associate and a confident, and still persecuted by its adversaries as an enemy? Is it credible that a man who was forming a complete and elegant representation of the peculiar excellencies of popular governments, which he might expect to endure as a lasting memorial of his genius, should at the same time, without a hope or a motive, unravel by night the beautiful tissue that he was weaving in the day? Is it credible that one whose talents, and political sagacity, and knowledge of human nature are universally admired, should compose in *favour* of despotism a treatise, which has in fact been more injurious to it than any other work ever written? Is it credible that the same individual should commit all these absurdities, in times of civil discord, and yet not even the watchfulness of party-spirit once accuse him of inconsistency? Suppose it, however, the object of Machiavel to make such a description of tyranny as should excite resistance rather than submission, and the riddle of his life is solved; his writings, his conduct, the conduct of his friends, and that of his enemies are all consistent and intelligible. . . .

We would not be understood to recommend all the writings of Machiavel, as perfect lessons of political integrity. But though they may not claim the praise of singular purity, they do not deserve the reproach of singular corruption.

Controversy was acute as long ago as 1815 over Anglicisms and Americanisms in speech and letters, as witness some remarks by the Editor, WILLIAM TUDOR, JR., *in the third issue of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

With the greatest deference to their ancestors, we are not disposed blindly to submit to the writers of the present day in England, not only because we can not always expect justice from our contemporaries, but for another reason also, that they have degenerated themselves from their own models. We contend that we have the same privilege that they have, and sometimes more reason, for introducing new terms; at the same time we would only use this privilege with the utmost caution, and should hold the practice on all common occasions more honored in the breach than in the observance. To some of the words they have introduced, we should cheerfully give the freedom of the republic of letters—*accede*, for instance, now a common and convenient word, was fifty years ago considered pedantic—see also *inimical*, and others in Walker. There are some of our words that we must contend for in turn, and maintain their rights because they are eminently useful, and grew, not out of individual caprice, but the peculiarities of our situation. Such are the words *locate*, *girdle*, and two or three others. We think, too, that we could not well spare *influential*, and *subscriber;* but *lengthy* we can never give up. We have a particular affection for it, and in spite of its cisatlantic origin, it will obtain a

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footing in England, where they have as great or greater need of it. We feel grateful to a word that has so often given vent to our feelings. At least with us it associates *long, tedious, awkward,* and about a half a dozen others that it would be extremely inconvenient to call into use every time we have occasion for them.

ANDREWS NORTON, *theologian and literary critic, did not highly esteem the Poet Laureate* JOHN DRYDEN, *if we may judge from his remarks in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1818:*

Nobody looks for pathos, or tenderness, or delicacy of thought or feeling in the writings of Dryden. He has no sublimity of any kind; least of all, any thing that approaches to moral sublimity. He spreads before us no fine views of visible nature; he never carries us forth among the works of God to admire and be delighted. He is unable vividly to conceive and express human passions and feelings. He never seizes on our sympathy; he does not make us intimate with himself, nor interest us in those characters which he embodies and puts in action. Nature never gave to him those keys which open her secret recesses. There is no magick in his verses; they produce no emotion; they are as little allied as possible to that poetry, which "stirs a man's heart like the sound of a trumpet." They discover much intellectual vigour, but possess no moral power. When not seasoned by the noxious stimulant of personal satire, his longer poems in heroick verse are uninteresting and tiresome. Who reads a second time his *Palamon and Arcite;* except as a mere literary critick, to be satisfied that his first judgment of it was correct? Who now reads through his *Hind and Panther?* We believe that but few have with us submitted to this unprofitable labour. No one rises from the perusal of his poetry better or wiser; with any thoughts, or feelings, or images, which a good man would wish to retain. In every thing relating to moral sentiment, the mind of Dryden was essentially coarse, vulgar, and depraved.

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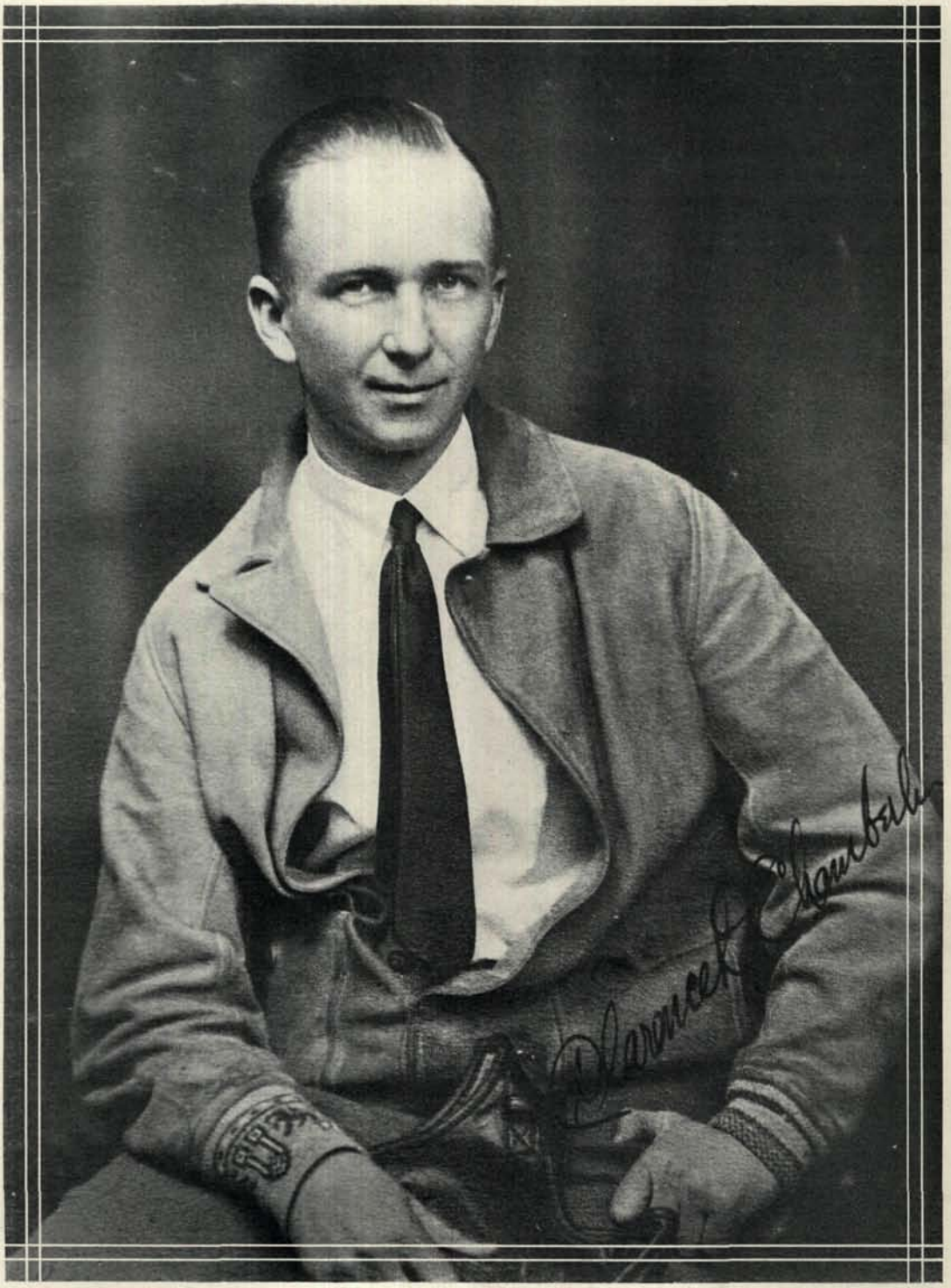

Portrait by Schoenhals

CLARENCE D. CHAMBERLIN

Transatlantic flyer and prophet of the "family flivver" plane — See his article on page 409

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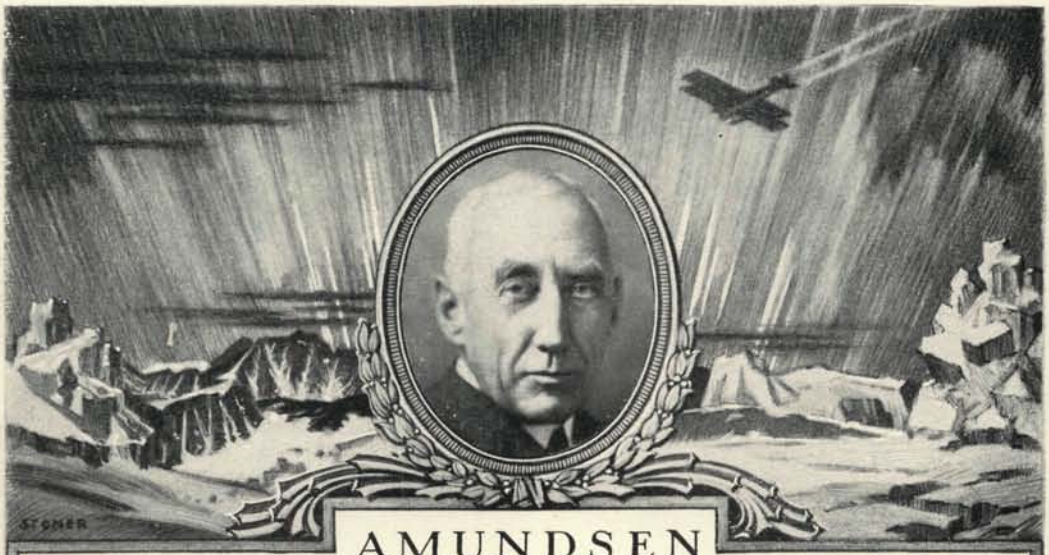

AMUNDSEN

Wide World Studio

By Edith Franklin Wyatt

("Arctic Radio Hints Trace of Lost Explorer" — *Press Dispatch*)

A word came out of the North, a ripple of air, a breath;
And a world-wide hope flew forth that you had been saved from death —
You who have looked on the polar South, and the night of the Arctic zone,
The furthest places north and south that man on earth has known.
We watched you face sea danger
To bring us wider truth
Again and yet again;
And now in Arctic skies a ranger,
You face the seas' — you face the air's — high danger,
This time in sympathy and ruth
For other men.
Oh, not alone
Because you crossed the North Pole and the South,
Does this, our day, await
At every port, at every harbor mouth,
The tidings of your fate,
And hark to the air-wave's tone;
Not only that you've made our whelming earth
A thing of greater space than once we knew,
But that wherever men can read with grief or mirth,
Can hark to human speech with grief or mirth,
The world's a braver place because of you!
Though now you die, you shall live in the air, and know not death,
In the honor that men can give, so long as men have breath.
And from river and harbor mouth the courage of men sails forth,
And a Name flies out of the South, and a Name blows out of the North.

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